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What makes her teeth so Sparkling bright?.. The answer is **IPANA!**

The answer is IPANA

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

You really sparkle when you use Ipana. It gets teeth cleaner, reveals the hidden sparkle of your smile—and helps prevent tooth decay.

You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana for your Smile of Beauty!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

What makes her mouth so Sparkling fresh?.. The answer is **IPANA!**

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is **IPANA!**

Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or regular) has been proved more effective than Ipana!

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romantically soft,
like this?...
dollar quality giant jar 69¢
The shampoo that promises soft, radiant loveliness—or your money back. Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty.
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CREME SHAMPOO
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Contents for July, 1951 VOL. 30, No. 3, WHOLE No. 177

Articles

A Man, a Dog and a Boy . . . . . REUBEN HECHT 21
Rumors Can Kill You . . . . . DAVID J. JACOBSON 24
Vacation's the Time to Get a Husband . . . LOUISE LEVITAS 28
Science's New Way to Save the Drowning . . . . . ROBERT N. SCHWARTZ 33
Stop Feeling Sorry for Yourself . . . . . JAMES BENDER AND LEE GRAHAM 36
Los Angeles Loves Its Farmers Market . . . . . FRED BECK 39
The Praying Mantis: Friend of Man . . EDWIN WAY TEALE 53
Princess Margaret: Royal Glamour Girl . . . ANNE FROMER 57
"Big Joe" Warms a City's Heart . . . . . CARLE HODGE 66
The Gunman that Jails Couldn't Hold . EDWARD H. SMITH 85
Ozark School that Runs on Faith . . . . . CAROL HUGHES 92
Vandenberg Runs Our Air Force Team . . . . TRIS COFFIN 96
The Magic of Books . . . . . EDWARD PRAGER 102
My Wife Had a Mental Breakdown . . . . LYNN H. FOSTER 104
Pests in the Mailbox . . . . . FRANK BROCK AND HENRY LEE 125
Sara Sloan's Secret . . . . . GLENN D. KITTLER 130
This Ice-cream Business . NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE 133
Texas King of Cowboy Boots . . . . . ELIZABETH FAGG 138
My Father "Retired" at 65 . . . AS TOLD TO JOHN LINDSAY 141
Two Lessons from Life 145
The Town Vanished but the Church Grew! . . . . . WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT 146
Nature's Strange Hoax . . . . . RALPH H. MAJOR, JR. 151

Pictorial Features

Coronet Recommends . . . . . MOVIES OF THE MONTH 6
As They Were . . . . . PHOTO QUIZ 8
Going Away in July? . . . . . TRAVEL TIPS 10
Master of the Dance . . . . . PICTURE PROFILE 12
Look-Alikes . . . . . FASHION FORECAST 14
Behind that Camera . . . . . A CAMERA CLOSE-UP 16
This Is Our Flag . . . . . ART FEATURE IN COLOR 44
Beauty and Genius . . . . . A PICTURE STORY 69
Camera on the World . . . . . PICTURE REPORTS 109

Departments

Coronet's Family Shopper . . . . . NEWEST THINGS TO BUY 18
Midsummer Daze . . . . . WITTICISMS 64
Our Human Comedy . . . . . LAUGHS FROM LIFE 90
How Is Your Nautical Vocabulary? . . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 129
Grin and Share It . . . . . HUMOR FOR EVERYONE 136

Cover

Moonlight Serenade . . . . . HOWARD FORSBERG

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Coronet *Recommends . . .*

CAPT. HORATIO HORNBLOWER

MILLIONS of people have read the immensely popular "Hornblower" stories. Now, Warners has brought the indomitable British sea captain (*Gregory Peck*) to the screen in an adaptation that is fully faithful to the swashbuckling spirit of the C. S. Forester tales. Across the sea goes Hornblower, seeking adventure and glory from the English Channel to the Pacific. He finds them in generous measure—plus romance—all along the way.

TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL

THIS 20TH CENTURY-FOX movie begins like many another idealization of college life. It is soon plain, however, that all is not sweetness at Midwestern's toniest sorority, Tri U. Freshman Liz Ericson (*Jeanne Crain*) gets a bid to that house, but her best friend doesn't. When initiation pranks almost kill another pledgee, Liz turns in her pin, convinced that the advantages of Tri U. cannot compensate for its false values.

HE RAN ALL THE WAY

THIS IS THE STORY of 48 tense hours in the life of a killer. Trying to elude a city-wide dragnet, Nick Robey (*John Garfield*) befriends a pretty girl in a public swimming pool. When she invites him home, he tears off his mask of respectability and holds her whole family in terrorized captivity. The surprising climax is a fine fulfillment of this United Artists thriller in which Shelley Winters gives her most exciting performance.

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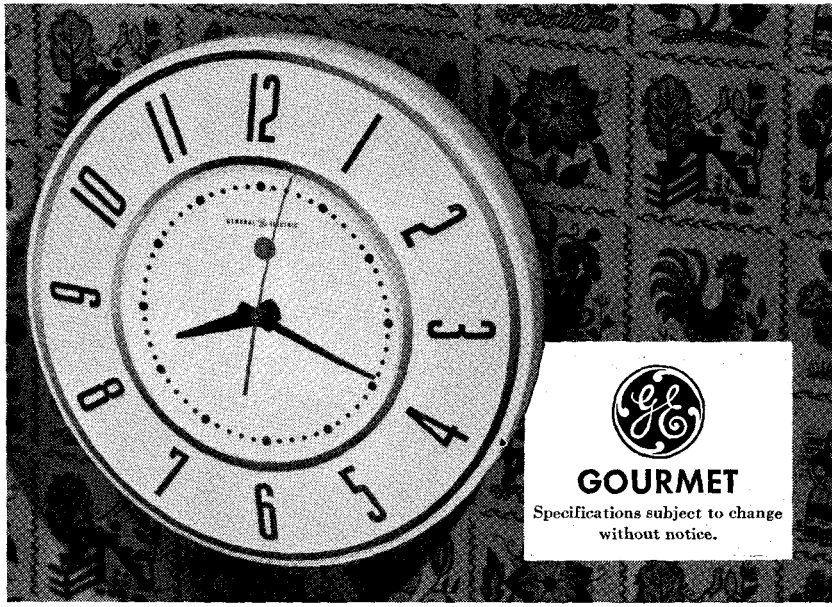
Voted America's FINEST new kitchen clock!



This is the beautiful GOURMET, the new, sensational kitchen clock that so many women say is America's *finest!*

The Gourmet is so easy to read from any part of the room. Neatly designed numbers stand out clearly. Easy to clean. In red, green, yellow, and white.

Like all General Electric clocks, *the Gourmet* gives you these advantages:

1. *No winding*—runs electrically. 2. *Quiet*—no disturbing ticktock. 3. *Dependable* — long life. 4. *Accurate* — on time *all* the time. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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As They Were

FEW AMERICANS would have difficulty identifying these men from up-to-date pictures. But these were taken before the men made their imprint on world history. Age and the cares of state have changed them, but this is how they looked when they were young. Do you know them? (Answers on page 154.)

1. Before World War I, he was a captain engaged in fighting Mexican bandits.

4. This wedding portrait was taken 36 years ago. His bride's name was Mamie.

5. A teen-ager poses for a snap on a Michigan farm. His smile is unchanged.

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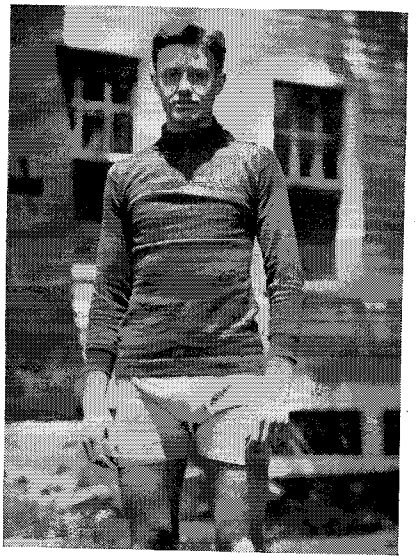
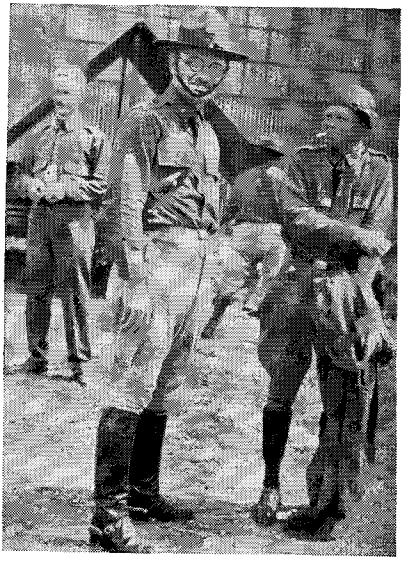


2. His father was a railroad king, but Yale's rowing coach stuck to the water.

3. A naval officer during World War I, he became top man in U.S. foreign affairs.



6. This artilleryman spent many summers on maneuvers at Fort Riley, Kansas.

7. His father was President of the U.S. when he graduated from Yale in 1910.

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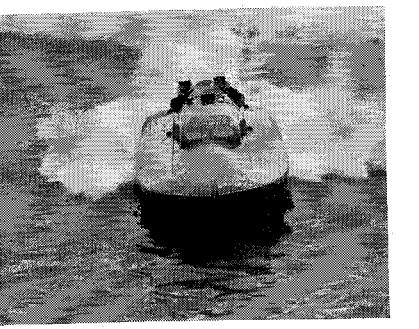
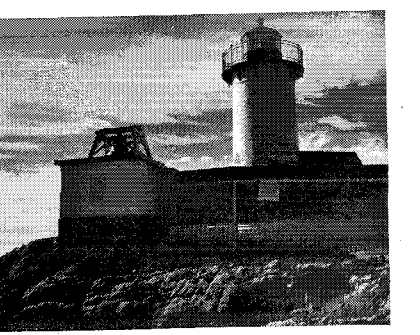
GOING AWAY IN July?

France: A king once said, "Paris is not a city but a world." That charming lady of the Continent will hold her 2,000th birthday on July 8th. A symbol of liberty, she offers all the pleasures which have long spelled excitement in the hearts of those who have known her sidewalk cafés and the nighttime gaiety of song, dance, and laughter.



Michigan: The Wolverine State becomes the land of sports during July. It is then that Detroit has its thrill-packed Gold Cup speedboat race, and Manistee its National Forest Festival, featuring a fishing derby. Meanwhile, top lumberjacks of the country compete July 3 and 4 at Gladstone in their National Log Rolling championship.

Idaho: In the heart of the land of crystal-clear lakes and towering mountains, fishermen find solitude and good angling in the cascading mountain streams, while hikers enjoy virgin forest paths and trails along jagged peaks. July is also the time when the Bannock and Shoshone Indians perform their colorful nine-day ritual Sun Dance.



Massachusetts: For the mixer or the relaxer, Cape Ann and Cape Cod give both color and lazy beach life; for the striped-bass fisherman, Cuttyhunk Island is the place. Music lovers can enjoy open-air concerts at Tanglewood, week ends, while dance enthusiasts have Jacob's Pillow and the Country Dance Festival held at Amherst, July 20.

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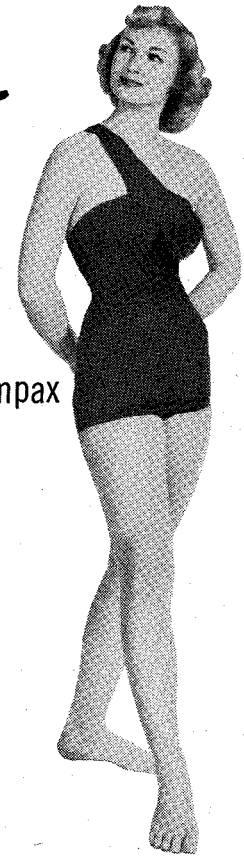
Swim without Worry!



nobody can "tell" when you use *Tampax

What a pity it is to let fear of embarrassment keep you out of the water on "those certain days of the month." Hasn't anyone ever told you about Tampax for swimming? With Tampax monthly sanitary protection, you can throw to the winds all the nagging worry that *something* may possibly betray the situation.

Tampax is simply ideal for bathing and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt....An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. So small, no trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear....Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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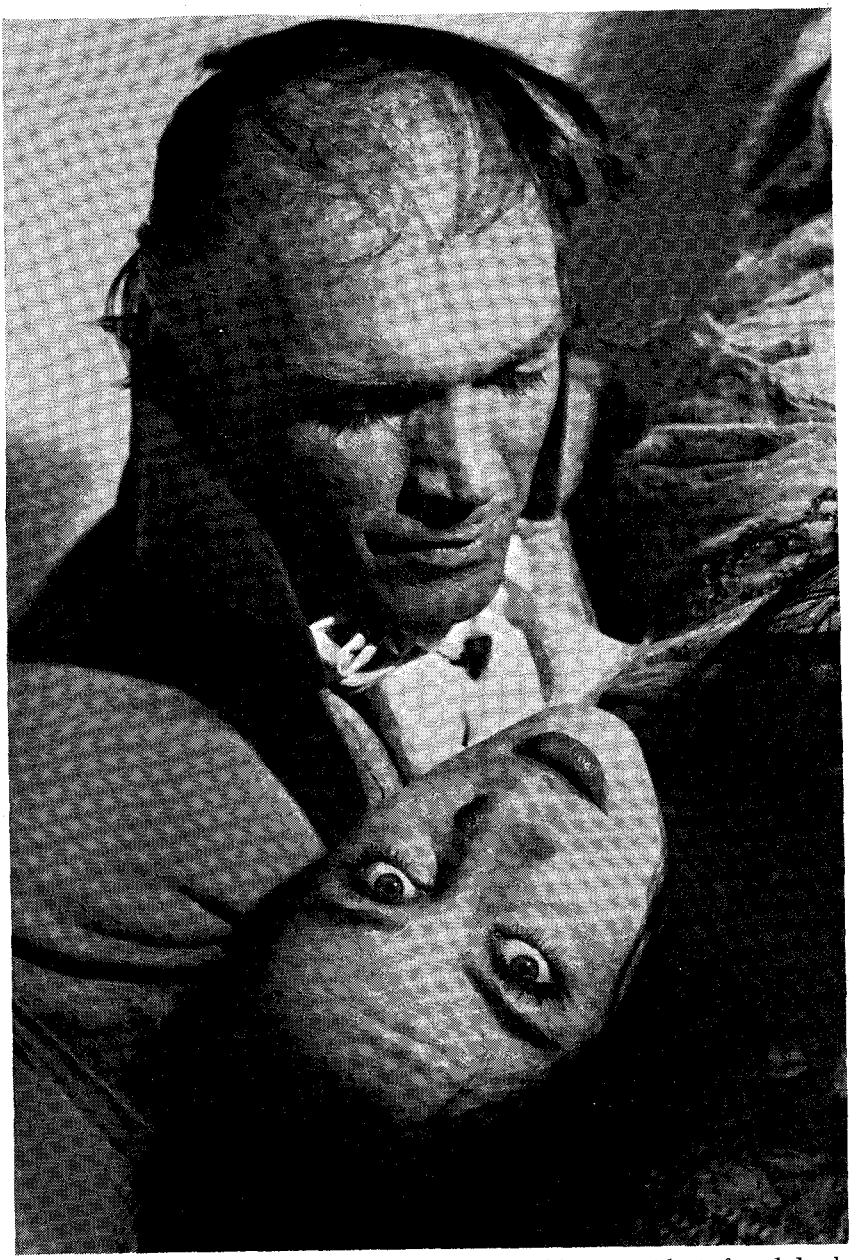

Kreutzberg's sense of emotion endows his *Student of Prague* with profound depth.

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Master of the Dance

ISADORA DUNCAN, rejecting the poses of traditional ballet, clad herself in graceful robes and danced with feeling and fire. Nijinsky linked his steps to the music and evolved an unforgettable rhythmic beauty. With the dance interpretation of Harold Kreutzberg (*above*), the terpsichorean art attained a new height in dramatic truth.

Regarded as one of the greatest living exponents of modern dance, Kreutzberg invokes a mood only moments after he appears onstage. From sketches, he has conceived a series of intricate costumes to fit the characters he portrays and, as one critic noted, "he dances himself into the costume."

In *Student of Prague*, Kreutzberg broke one of his long-standing traditions: he appeared with other dancers.

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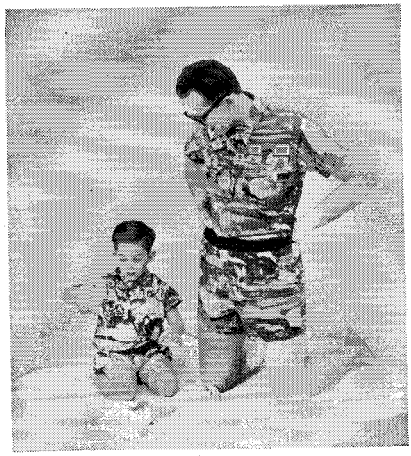
LOOK-ALIKES



Vacation resorts are pictured on these father-and-son boxer shorts and shirt.

This little girl is a miniature edition of her mother in crisp dotted voile.

Look-alike white-crepe shirts for husband and wife complete a family portrait.

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YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, James Stewart, Edward Arnold

SAHARA—Humphrey Bogart

ONCE UPON A TIME—Cary Grant, Janet Blair

COPACABANA—Groucho Marx

ADVENTURES OF GALLANT BESS—(Color)

NORTHWEST STAMPEDE—(Color) Joan Leslie, James Craig

THE LAST ROUNDUP—Gene Autry

For complete descriptions of all 58 great new Ideal additions, and the address of your local Ideal Pictures office, write immediately *giving make, and model of your projector* to:

®Ideal Pictures Dept. C207—65 E. South Water St. Chicago 1, Illinois

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BEHIND THAT CAMERA

THE LAST CREDIT to flash on the screen before the beginning of a movie is the name of its director. It is a perfect illustration of the time-worn phrase, "last but not least."

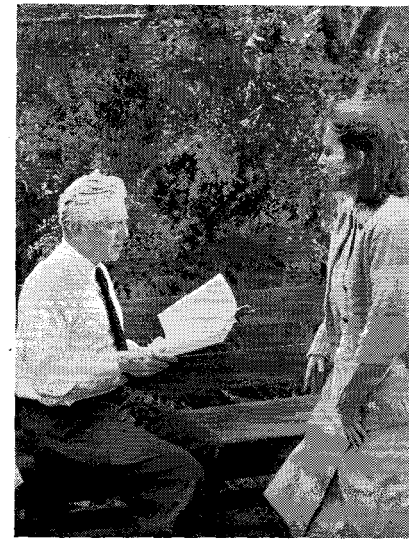
In the earliest days of film-making, directors were hardly more than stage managers, hired to keep costs down. They set up the scenes, guided the actors, instructed the cameramen, cut film—and often took over both before and behind the camera.

Slowly, men of the stature of D. W. Griffith and Erich von Stroheim, recognizing the almost-boundless possibilities of motion pictures, began contributing techniques that lifted movies from a side-show freak to an important art form. The close-up, full shot, fade-out, cutting for tempo and suspense, were all products of the restless minds which gave meaning to what began as a one-reel adventure strip.

Modern directors are the pivotal forces behind every production, the chief executive-artists on every set. Their twofold job begins with co-ordinating the diverse duties of cameramen, sound technicians, dialogue supervisors, make-up artists, electricians, and designers. It has been said that a director's relation to his actors is as that of a conductor toward his orchestra, for it takes all his evocative talent to breathe life and emotion into a cold script. Only inspired actors can do it, and only an inspired director can guide them.

Directors' feelings about their own craft run a complete gamut. Elia Kazan describes his job as "just hard work." But Alfred Hitchcock says, "Movies are delightfully simple. You take a given piece of time, add color and pattern, and you have a movie."

Gregory Ratoff combines character acting with directing. His thick Russian accent booms across sets, gets impressive results.



As he does here with Olivia DeHavilland, Anatole Litvak acts out every important part before the cameras start to roll.

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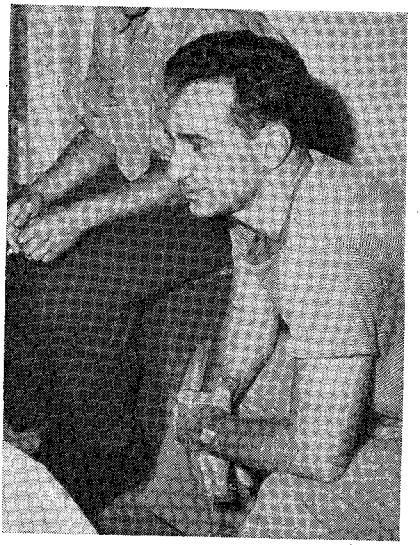
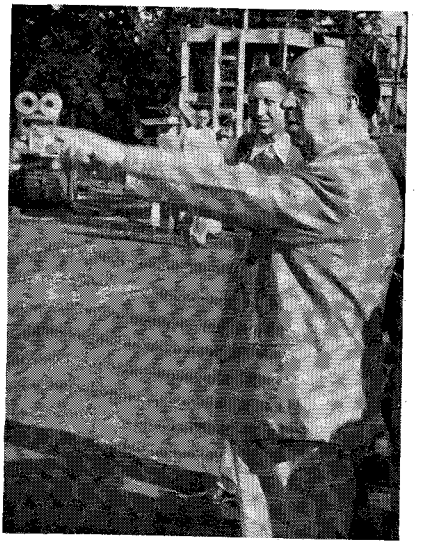


Elia Kazan commutes between Hollywood and Broadway, is considered one of the best directors in either place.



Alfred Hitchcock, master of suspenseful intrigue, trademarks his pictures by appearing for an instant in each of them.

Seeking to achieve realistic effects, John Huston once kept Jennifer Jones practicing a single scene for six whole days.

Mervyn LeRoy directed Clark Gable's first screen test, masterminded one of the decade's super-epics, *Quo Vadis.*

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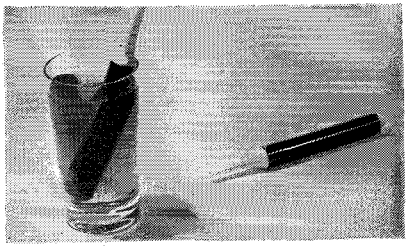
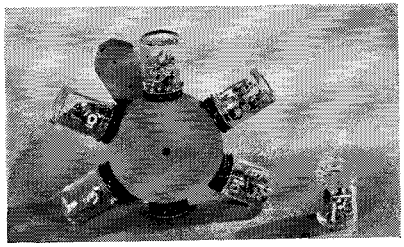
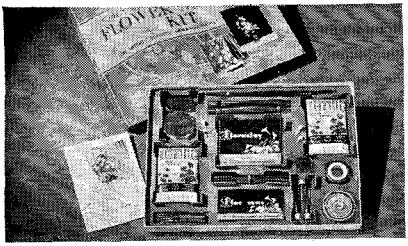
Coronet's Family Shopper



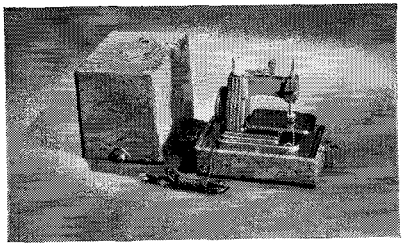
DRINKS SIPPED through these combination straws, coolers, and stirrers are iced without dilution. Chill the sippers in freezer compartment. $2.95 for 4. Donbert Co., 264 Fifth Ave., NYC 1.



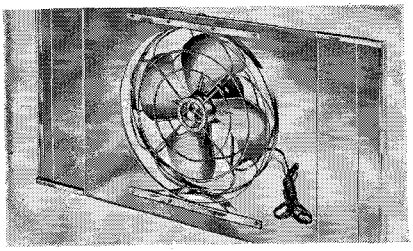
KEEP NAILS, screws, thumbtacks—any number of workshop or kitchen aids—neatly at hand in these six glass jars on a revolving rack. $1.19. Miles Kimball, 250 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis.



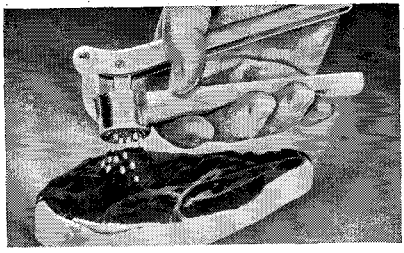
WANT TO HAVE professional-looking flower arrangements? This kit, including needle holders, clay, wax, wire, and instructions is the answer. $5.28. American Handicrafts, E. Orange, N.J.



THIS TINY electric sewing machine at a tiny price does a full-sized job of dressmaking or mending. It weighs only 8 pounds, fits into a case. $22. Randel Assoc., 1123 Broadway, NYC 10.



THIS WINDOW ventilator with clear plastic panel won't block the view. In summer it cools; in winter, reversed, it's an exhaust fan. 12 in. $33.95*. Hammacher Schlemmer, NYC 22.



A CLOVE OF GARLIC is instantly converted into a paste for seasoning meats or salad dressing. No lumps or lingering odor. $1.98. Damar Distributing, 20 Treat Pl., Newark 2, N.J.

Merchandise shown on this page may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices (subject to change) are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped F.O.B.

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IN FOUR WAYS THEY'RE FINER FOR SUMMER SANDWICHES

1 BETTER FLAVOR! PERFECT SLICES! By a marvelous new Kraft-patented method the fine process cheese is formed into slices as it comes from the pasteurizers—with extra-good flavor sealed in every one. Every slice is *perfect. No* slivers or "curling" edges.

2 KRAFT-PROTECTED! Right after pasteurization, 8 perfect slices are sealed in a neat ½-lb. package, protected until *you* slit the wrapper.

3 HANDIER! These slices separate so easily it's "almost like peeling a banana." And they keep beautifully —are always ready at a moment's notice for grand cheese sandwiches.

4 FIVE DELICIOUS VARIETIES! Besides extra-mellow Kraft Pasteurized Process American there's *Pimento, Swiss, Brick* and sharp *Old English Brand.* The neat packages are space-savers; keep *several* kinds ready.

The World's Favorite Cheeses are made or imported by Kraft.

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Vol. 30, No. 3 Coronet July, 1951
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

a Man, a Dog and a Boy

by REUBEN HECHT

I DROVE UP in front of the little farmhouse on the outskirts of town. The place was exactly the way I had left it months before, except that the grass and trees weren't green any more and there was a chill in the air.

I went to the back of the house and whistled once, then whistled again. That's strange, I thought. What could have happened to Redskin, my dog? Was Ernie keeping him inside these days?

I went around to the front door and knocked, and there was Ernie, as big and red-faced as ever.

"Ruby," he said in that loud voice of his, "how are you? It's great seeing you again."

He led me into the living room. "What happened to your letters, Ernie?" I asked. "You didn't write a word after I left."

"Well," said Ernie, looking at the floor, "you know how busy it is around a farm."

"Where's Redskin?" I asked.

He took out his pipe and struck a match. "I was waiting for that question," he said.

"He's not—he's not dead, is he?" I asked anxiously.

"No, not dead," Ernie said.

I sank back, relieved. "Well, then, where is he?"

He looked me in the eye and said, "I don't have him any more."

For a moment I was stunned. "Did he run away?" I asked.

"No, he didn't run away."

"Well, what happened?"

"I gave him away," he said.

"You gave *my* dog away? Is that why I didn't hear from you?"

"Could be, Ruby," he said. "It was something I couldn't explain

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very well, not in a letter anyway."

"What right did you have to give Redskin away? You promised to keep him until I could find an apartment in the city. Remember?"

"I remember," he said.

"Well, I have the apartment now. Where's my dog?"

Ernie got up and walked to the window. He looked out across the fields and said nothing for a while. Then he turned to me. "Ruby," he said, "I want to tell you something. And maybe when I'm finished, you'll understand things better."

I said, "It better be good."

"Well," Ernie began, "there's a kid in this town named Sandy. He's got no folks. Both of them died a long time ago. He lives with his uncle and helps out on the farm when school's out. Sandy isn't more than about nine, but he's a quiet, intelligent kid. When you get to know him, he seems much older.

"Well, as long as I can remember, Sandy used to run around with a dirty, beat-up old mutt that he loved. You'd hardly ever see one without the other. Then a careless driver came along one day and killed the dog.

"Sandy took it hard. He's the type of kid that has to have a dog. He didn't even *look* right without one. You know how some guys wear battered old hats all the time, until you begin to think the hats are a part of them? Well, that's the way a dog seemed to be a part of Sandy.

"Two weeks after you left, I was out in the back exercising Redskin when I saw Sandy walking toward us. It was the first time I ever saw him around my house. I called him over. I saw him looking at Redskin, and honest, Ruby, it was the kind of look you can't explain. Like a dying man finding life again.

"And, Ruby, you should've seen Redskin. You know how unfriendly he is toward strangers. But with Sandy, it was different. He just jumped all over that kid. That's how it started.

"From that day on, you couldn't separate them. With those two, it was like a circus that never stopped. Then one evening, when it was time for Sandy to leave, I noticed the kid kicking at the ground and looking at me in a funny way.

"Well, he finally got up enough nerve to talk, and he put it straight. He wanted Redskin. Not to keep, mind you (he knew I didn't own the dog because I told him about you). What he wanted was for me to lend him the dog until you came to take him away.

"He told me how hard it was for him to sleep without a dog—he hadn't had a good night's sleep since his own dog died. He swore he'd guard Redskin with his life, and he even offered me a handful of change—probably every penny he had—as a sort of rental fee.

"Well, Ruby, the kid put me on the spot. I promised you I wouldn't let the dog out of my sight, and here was a kid trying to make me break my promise. I didn't know what to do. The kid was so excited his hands were shaking. It wouldn't be human to turn him down. After all, he lived near-by and I could check daily on Redskin. So I told him to keep his money and I gave him the dog's leash.

"The look on that kid's face was really something. When I saw them go gallivanting across the field, I

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wished I could write—the sight sort of did something to my insides. It was a picture you'd like to hold onto for life. I felt great, Ruby. And I knew if you were here you'd have done the same thing.

"The next couple of weeks were the happiest the kid and the dog ever had. They'd go fishing, hunt together, or just take long walks. And you should see the tricks the kid taught Redskin to do. I tell you, Ruby, it was more than boy and dog. It was boy and boy.

"Then late one afternoon I noticed the sky off to the south was kind of red. That meant fire and nothing else. I grabbed my coat and went fast in the direction of the flames. It was Sandy's barn that was burning.

"I asked some of the farmers standing around if they knew where Sandy and the dog were. But they didn't know and that started me worrying. Suddenly Sandy's uncle came running toward the crowd, his coat singed and his face blackened. He kept pointing to the barn and yelling that the boy and the dog were inside.

"The place was about gone when the firemen got there. They turned their hoses on the building, but it looked like nothing could live in that burning hell. Then, just as the roof began to cave in, we saw Sandy crawling out, dragging a dog. The firemen wrapped them in wet blankets and rushed them to a doctor. And next day, I visited Sandy."

At this point, Ernie paused. "What happened?" I asked.

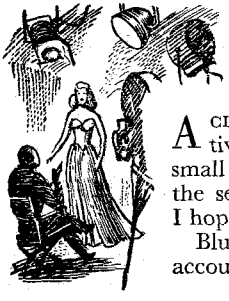
Ernie went on, "He told me about the emergency eye operation. And do you know what he said to me? 'Ernie, don't ever take Redskin away from me. We need each other now more than ever.' "

Ernie was looking out the window dreamy-like. Then suddenly he woke up. "Ruby," he said, pointing out the window, "there's the end of your story."

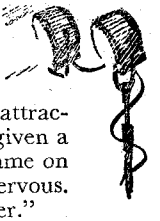
I turned and followed his finger. A boy and a dog were coming down the road. The boy was holding tightly to the leash and was tossing a ball in the air. There was no mistaking the dog's red coat.

I turned to Ernie. He just stared straight ahead. "Ruby," he said, "they're just as happy together now as they ever were."

I looked again and could just about make out the two figures disappearing down the road—the sightless dog and the seeing-eye boy.



False Modesty



A CLERK IN A Hollywood studio, a girl with an attractive face but a rather slight figure, had been given a small part in a Technicolor picture. When she came on the set, the friendly director said, "You look nervous. I hope you don't feel like a lamb going to slaughter."

Blushing, she replied, "I feel more like an expense account going to the boss—all padded up." —*Swing*

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Rumors Can Kill You!

by DAVID J. JACOBSON

Beware the gossipmongers whose venomous stories disrupt morale

PANIC GRIPPED the city of Birmingham, Alabama. Switchboards at the local radio stations, newspaper, and City Hall were clogged last New Year's Day. Thousands of people, some screaming hysterically, wanted advice.

Many said they had received phone calls warning them of the danger. Others insisted they heard it on the radio—despite the fact that all local stations denied broadcasting any such report.

Somehow, from somewhere, word had come that the city's water supply was poisoned. By 8 o'clock that evening, the story had ripped through every section of Alabama's big industrial center.

Telephone operators, city authorities, water-works officials, health officers, the police, the state highway patrol, and Federal authorities repeatedly announced that the water had *not* been polluted. Every 15 minutes, radio stations told listeners: "Birmingham's water supply is perfectly pure." Yet, people boiled water before drinking it.

To this day, no one knows how the rumor started. As one city official said: "If the tale had been spread by communists, they could not have hoped for better reaction."

Two days after the Birmingham panic, rumors about poisoned city water spread through Los Angeles. Then, in rapid succession, these scare stories were circulated across the country:

Three big Eastern cities were to be bombed within the next few days. Hundreds of parachutists, jumping from unidentified planes, were invading Oregon. Under cover of night, a submarine rose from the ocean's depths to contact four roughly dressed men signaling from the Florida shore.

Official Washington picked up a rumor that oil shipments to Tokyo were being sabotaged. The ships' tanks were supposedly filled with water, cleverly hidden beneath thin layers of floating gasoline.

Usually quiet Oneonta, New York, buzzed with a sensational rumor about a nurse who had recently returned from foreign service. She had seen men in the armed forces die because they could not afford the price charged by the Red Cross for blood plasma.

Every day, hundreds of rumors like these are carefully checked by the nation's top internal-security agency—the Federal Bureau of Investigation. G-men chased the water-

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poisoning rumors in vain. They spent days trying to uncover who was behind the stories about cities being bombed. They combed Oregon forests by plane. They patroled the Florida coastline. They investigated oil shipments. They proved the falsity of the blood-plasma story, but failed to track down the source of the rumor.

ALTHOUGH THESE scare stories caused little real damage, F.B.I. director J. Edgar Hoover thinks they have a certain significance. Any enemy of the U. S., clever in the ways of psychological warfare, knows that by planting rumors in the proper places he can spread fear, hate, and suspicion. With nothing more than words, he can undermine morale and even disrupt defense production.

Hoover vividly remembers what happened soon after Pearl Harbor. The Northwest was rife with rumors about bubonic-plague bombs being dropped in Oregon. The East Coast was alive with stories about saboteurs and the havoc they were creating. The rumors were part of a well-planned scheme to make Americans doubt the strength of their own armed forces.

Axis short-wave radios and local rumor mills worked overtime trying to throw a wrench into our military recruiting program. They spread stories that soldiers were being fed old fat collected by the Fat Salvage Campaign. Sentries who had fallen asleep, according to the rumors, had been executed by firing squads. Enlisted men by the score were supposedly committing suicide.

Because of a rumor that there would be an explosion in a Kansas City war plant in September, 1942, production took a nose dive. Women were being frightened away from riveting jobs by the rumor that the work caused cancer of the breast, or a completely nonexistent disease called "riveter's ovaries." Women quit welding jobs when they heard the yarn that ultraviolet or infrared rays would make them sterile.

Another rumor designed to keep women out of war work was the Axis short-wave story about a girl employed in a shell-filling plant. One day she supposedly went to the hairdresser for a permanent wave. As soon as the current was turned on, there was a blast that blew her head off. The electricity had ignited explosive dust in her hair.

Weeks after this story was broadcast, it was heard in Bethel, Ohio. It was next popular in Boston. Ten months later it made the rounds in St. Louis. Within days, it cropped up in Cincinnati. By the following year it had raced through Canada and hit New York City.

The simple arithmetic of a rumor's speed is breath-taking. Let one man spread a wild tale among ten of his friends. Then allow each friend to repeat the rumor to ten of his friends in the next five minutes. Continuing the process at this tempo, within 25 minutes more than a million people will have heard the story!

Adolf Hitler made good use of rumors. "To make the enemy capitulate," he boasted, "why should I demoralize him by military means if I can do so better and more cheaply in other ways?" Wild tales became so widespread in the U. S. within 11 weeks after our entry into World War II that President Roose-

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velt was forced to devote part of an important broadcast to squelching rumors about exaggerated losses at Pearl Harbor.

Part of the mission of Werner Thiel, saboteur landed on the Florida shore from a German U-boat, was to sow unrest in the U. S. by spreading rumors. In addition to short-wave radio broadcasts, enemy agents and Axis sympathizers in this country worked in traveling teams as "gossip plotters." Here is how such teams operate:

Two women walk into a crowded market from different directions. They meet, exchange greetings, and start talking loudly so that everyone can hear. One delivers a breathless account of what she presumably read in the papers or heard on the radio. The other makes a big display of swallowing every word as gospel. Meanwhile, at local bars and in hotel lobbies, a pair of male operatives are going through the same routine.

"One day's work by such a quartet," says Hoover, "has been known to start a yarn that spread from town to country to state to nation, and did irreparable harm through thoughtless repetition by innocent and patriotic citizens."

Communist rumor teams are on the job today in this country, peddling three general types of rumors. By far the greatest number are "hate rumors"—stories designed to foster prejudice and hostility among various groups of Americans. The second type are "anxiety rumors," planted to create uneasiness and fear. Usually they are phony reports of UN disasters or weaknesses, or of overwhelming communist strength throughout the world.

The third batch of Red rumors are "fishing tales." These fake reports, generally about UN military movements or strategy, are put out in order to get real information. For example, by planting rumors about the sinking of a battleship or the small number of British troops in Korea, the enemy hopes that official refutation may reveal the true position of the ship or the actual strength of the Ally's support.

Unlike the Nazis' efforts to spread anti-Semitism, the communist "hate rumors" are aimed chiefly at the Negroes, a large segment of our population. New York's crowded Harlem, as well as other colored communities throughout the country, is jumping with yarns about the whites' exploitation and mistreatment of Negroes.

Usually the stories end with: "Well, anyway, the communists give us equal rights."

Efforts to inflame the Negroes is paralleled by "hate rumors" to stir up the whites' animosity against them. Tales are planted about Negro attacks on white women, about drunken brawls, and about the buying of big, shiny new cars.

American mothers are now being bombarded by fear-inspiring stories. Newly formed fronts, often with the most innocent-sounding names, are spreading tales to shake confidence in the UN. And headline-hungry dupes rock confidence in our defense system with an endless stream of flying-saucer rumors.

Other scare stories tell mothers that their sons are being sent to fight in Korea without training. Shortly after the Chinese communists advanced across the Manchurian border came the rumor that

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Red soldiers approached a U.S. ammunition truck stuck in the Korean mud, helped the men get it out, and then, in perfect English, told them to drive off because they didn't want to hurt them.

All the Chinese wanted, as the story goes, was to get our boys out of Korea. And the aim of all such enemy rumors is to frighten women into demanding that their sons be brought home. Then the communists can continue expanding.

IN WARTIME, according to one famous British propaganda expert, truth is the first casualty. And in psychological warfare, American credulity and fear are the first signs of weakness that the communists are looking for. But Americans can defeat the enemy in this battle of nerves if everyone does his part. Among the things you can do to help are these:

First, remember that the communists can only *start* such rumors. To be successful, they must be *spread* by gullible, loyal Americans. And they are spread because clever communist propagandists clothe each lie with a semblance of truth. Every rumor seems to spring from an unquestionable source.

So be suspicious of any rumor which breeds distrust of Negro for white, working man for businessman, citizen for government, American for the UN. Check any tale you hear against these questions:

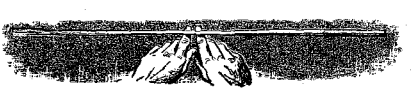
1. Does it hurt morale?
2. Does it make you distrust government, business, labor, Negroes, Catholics, Protestants, Jews?
3. Does it attempt to discredit our UN allies?
4. Who would gain the most by spreading this rumor—the communists or the free world?

If you have suspicions about espionage, sabotage, or subversive activities, report them directly to the F.B.I.—not to your neighbor. Whether the rumors are fantastic or not, these Federal men want to be informed about each item.

Don't forget, rumors are enemy weapons. And, above all, remember that the communists know they can never defeat an informed, alert, and united America—a nation that rumors cannot kill!

Do You Know the Ruler's Rule?

PLACE A RULER on your index fingers as shown in the illustration. Then move your fingers slowly toward one another. Oddly enough, they will always meet so that the ruler will be in exact balance. Now do the same thing again but try to move only one finger. You will find that seemingly you have no power over your other finger. Try as you will to keep the one finger in the same position, both fingers will always meet in the center of the ruler. What explanation can you offer for this phenomenon? (For answer, see page 140.)



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Vacation's the Time to Get a Husband

by LOUISE LEVITAS

In a romantic summer setting, it's easier for a girl to find the right man and get him to ask the all-important question

SOMETIME THIS SUMMER, you will escape from an office time clock to a green and fragrant landscape where there's music in the air and holiday adventure every day.

You may be wearing a new bathing suit, standing beside the hotel pool, when a sun-tanned stranger swims up to give you the usual appraisal. The sun is warm, the water sparkles, the moment is filled with most agreeable possibilities. That stranger, smiling now and urging you to come on in, may be the man you're going to marry!

If that is your goal, you can reach it this season, for a summer resort is the best place in the world to meet men easily. They have time on their hands and the inclination for courtship; and you, rosy with sun and exercise, are that much more attractive.

A story which clearly sums up these advantages was reported by the host of a lodge in the Adirondacks. Last summer, a boy and a girl found each other at his mountain resort. By the end of the first week, when the romance was well advanced, the love-struck couple discovered a surprising fact: she lived on the eighth floor and he on the fifth of the same apartment house in New York!

They agreed that they must have brushed past each other often as they rushed to their offices; they had probably crowded into the same subway train, into the same elevator. But it wasn't until they were both softened by nature's influence that the barriers melted and, across a milling dance floor, they really saw each other for the first time.

It is true that romance comes easier when you're on vacation. But there is one type of resort where all the natural advantages are virtually canceled out—a place in which you find, say, 16 women to every man. Among travel agents, it's axiomatic that the more luxuries a resort offers, the more heavily it will be populated by women (and their husbands); and, conversely, wherever you find good golf, good fishing, the active, vigorous sports, you'll find more men.

So right now, while you are preparing for those wonderful two weeks, be sure you choose a place

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with the widest opportunities: for instance, sailing centers along the coasts and islands; the deep-sea fishing areas of the West Indies; the rugged, forested outdoors of Maine, Canada, Wisconsin, or the Mountain States; or even the gentle landscape where golfers gather.

Once you have made a reservation, you start planning the clothes to take—a very important part of vacation. Select clothes that make you feel comfortable and happy—sun suits, dresses, or slacks that you can move around in and not fuss with. Anything you have to poke at, hobble in, pull down or up—plunging necklines that plunge too far, strapless bodices that start slipping—will only detract from your peace of mind.

No matter what the salesgirl tells you about the latest from Paris, years of looking into a mirror have made *you* an expert on the fashions that do the most for you.

Remember, you are dressing for men, now. It's only women who care about style. What a man admires most is apparent simplicity—the simple but fetching lines that reveal your figure.

That can mean a plain navy-blue number with a frill around the neck, when it happens to fit you exactly right in just the right places, or it could be your three-year-old dotted swiss with a ruffle.

The reason for all this emphasis on your wardrobe is that, even more than it affects others, what you wear has a very important influence on you. The right dress adds confidence because it makes you *feel* attractive. And winning a husband is based, most of all, on a confident state of mind.

Now, let's suppose you have arrived at the right vacation spot, with the right clothes. Looking around, you see all kinds of men on the veranda or on the tennis court or in the dining room. How do you start making this the all-important time of your life? First, by forgetting about yourself.

You, like every woman, have a natural gift for attracting men—it's the mating instinct—and the only thing that can keep you from using it is anxiety. Anxiety makes a girl either so retiring she fades into the wallpaper or so eager she scares men away. Weighty volumes have been written on this subject. But you can sum up the whole idea in one word: relax.

Study the feminine contingent in any group of young people around you. Notice how there's always one girl who hovers on the edge—tense, self-conscious, giggling at every remark, fussing with her beads or buttons—and always ends up being left out in the cold. Then look at the girl who's in the center of the group, getting all the masculine attention just by being a natural woman. She is smiling and mostly *listening* to someone else. Her whole attitude reflects a warm, responsive interest in other people.

There's no reason why it can't be the same with you. When you take an interest in the outside world, you stop worrying about yourself; and when you do that, you're on the way to becoming the interesting, sympathetic girl who is truly attractive to men.

To help you get in that self-forgetful mood, there are a couple of things you can do as soon as you reach your vacation spot. Talk to

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the people at your table, at the pool, on the veranda—the ones who are easy to meet. Though you find men more interesting, be sociable and agreeable to girls, too. They can help you. Most women meet men through other women. Rarely will a man introduce you to another man. But a girl who has already got a boy friend likes to help others pair off.

Right from the beginning, join in the fun around you. Wallflowers are the girls who spend their efforts in front of a mirror, making themselves beautiful and then, when they appear in public, wait passively for someone else to make them part of the party. No one is going to.

The surest way of attracting men is by participating in games and sports. Tennis, swimming, golf, horseback riding, square-dancing, fishing, boating—all of them will make you look happier and healthier, and bring you a present of new companionship.

In a few days, you will find that you're part of the group. At the beach or in the dining room, people are glad to see you. You are cheerful, outgoing, fun to be with. And you'll be on pleasant chatting terms with a number of men.

It would be a mistake at this point to accept too much attention from anyone you don't care about, just for the sake of having an escort. That keeps others away. Look over the field and choose a man who really attracts you. Then concentrate on him!

This is when you narrow your activities to the sports in which he specializes. If he spends most of his time at the pool or the tennis court, you show up at these places, too. It doesn't matter how inexpert you are—in fact, when you are playing against him, it's silly to be so competitive you have to win. All that matters is your enthusiasm. Because the simplest way to get a man's undivided attention is to admire *his* prowess, not yours.

From that bond as fellow sportsmen, you can easily become friendlier. Walking back to the hotel or meeting him again in the dining room, try to discover his other interests, so you can show him all that you have in common.

A truly feminine creature, a girl who thinks that a man is unique and wonderful, is the best kind of listener because she realizes she is not in competition with him. She doesn't attempt to outpoint him in conversation, simply to display how much *she* knows.

Let me tell you about a nice summer romance which was rudely shattered because the girl forgot to listen. It was in a fishing village on Cape Cod that this girl met a handsome young artist. After three days of swimming, sailing, and walking hand-in-hand over the dunes, he invited her to the biggest dance of the season. She borrowed finery from every girl she knew and appeared that night at the dance trimmed like a Christmas tree. The romance abruptly ended. He had been complimenting her on her simple, wind-swept, child-of-nature charm; and she was showing him what a fool he had been.

LIKE YOU, A MAN enjoys admiration. Why be afraid to show that you like him? It is the most powerful attraction you can offer. As a striking example, take the

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story of Janie, who spent a triumphant summer at an adult camp in Vermont. Janie wore glasses, and her figure was nothing to rave about. What's more, every man in camp could sense she was looking for a husband. But she was so warm and spirited that they liked her just the same.

In the first three days she had managed at parties and dances to get close to every man present. The man she finally singled out was widely known as a wolf and, even harder to win, an intellectual one. Yet, in ten days they were in love, and by the end of the summer she had married him.

How did she do it? Well, he was beginning to lose his hair; she said it made him look distinguished. He was skinny; she said she couldn't stand fleshiness in a man. His penchant for long words and abstruse discussions—this was rare and wonderful in Janie's eyes, and she told him so.

But, just as important, though she really adored him and gave him every proof of her affection, she didn't let him take advantage of it. And this made an overwhelming impression on a man who had been a wolf—a man who had decided that most women are easy prey.

The acid test for any marriageable female is how she meets a forward pass. Some girls, to put it bluntly, don't know how to say no. You may escape this problem. The interests you have shared with your beau, the companionship you have given him, should have built up genuine understanding. Meanwhile, you can avoid having such a situation thrust on you by the way you act. Don't permit easy liberties; and try not to let sex become a topic of conversation.

It is true, of course, that sex underlies your feelings for each other. And so the art of keeping him interested and showing your own feelings is never to reject a caress in unkind words, and at the same time never allow more than a little. Remember the feminine trait of making small gestures of tenderness seem important—gestures like taking his arm or squeezing his hand. If you haven't been too easygoing about these things at the start, now they will express a great deal. A kiss can speak volumes. This is when it should.

Two weeks of vacation may often achieve what would take months of ordinary time back home. Even so, it's too early to expect a proposal. So be calm and collected as your vacation ends. A lot of promising twosomes have been cut short by that frightening (to a man) gleam in a girl's eye, which means she's Getting Serious too soon. What you want to accomplish in those two weeks is to create the bond that will hold him, that will make him want to see you again.

Something special is in order on your first date back home. In the country you had nature as a backdrop, and every place you strolled was meant for romance. You have lost that magical setting now; maybe when you first meet again in city clothes, you seem for a moment to be strangers. Try to re-create the country mood.

When he asks you what you would like to do, don't settle for a movie or a noisy restaurant. Suggest a dance place where the music is sweet and lights are soft; an in-

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timate cocktail bar where someone plays a romantic piano; or some outdoor amusement—a terrace café or a roof garden, or even a walk through the park.

Perhaps by now he will be discussing more important things with you: his life, his work, and what he hopes to be. These are the confidences you should have been aiming for from the start. Let me repeat: *listen.* Ask questions, but let him do the talking. Your sympathy and understanding of his problems will deepen his fondness for you.

It is clear sailing toward matrimony from here onward, if you keep on being a good companion. Never belittle him or his friends, or the things he likes to do. For what is a man afraid of when he is considering marriage?

The thing he fears is change: that you might try to rearrange his life, force him into uncomfortable channels, and make him give up what he has now. If you want him to ask that final question, you must prove you can add something to his future—not take away from it.

Show him the advantage of being with you—your affection, your unfailing admiration, the fact that you share his hopes. Once he knows that you will help him carry out his plans, he's yours.

Points of View

JUSTICE HARLAN FISKE STONE once gave this advice to a young lawyer: "If you're strong on the facts and weak on the law, discuss the facts. If you're strong on the law and weak on the facts, discuss the law. If you're weak on the law and weak on the facts—bang the table."

—EDWARD R. MURROW

IT SEEMS THAT a group of GI's were on reconnaissance duty close to the communists' front line. Suddenly a communist soldier stepped out of a small patch of woods carrying a white flag. The GI's commanded him to advance and state his purpose.

"The men in my company sent me," he explained in halting English. "They are all out of cigarettes and want to know if you will trade one carton of American smokes for two majors, one captain, and four sergeants."

—JOE MATTES

A MAINE WOODSMAN one day was walking down Fifth Avenue with a New York friend. At 42nd Street, the woodsman suddenly paused and said, "I hear a cricket."

"Nonsense!" scoffed the city man. "In this uproar? Not a chance."

"But I do," persisted the woodsman. "Wait! I'll show you."

Taking a dime from his pocket, he dropped it on the sidewalk. Instantly every head within 40 feet turned, to see who had dropped money.

"You see?" said the woodsman. "People hear what their ears are tuned to hear. Mine happen to be tuned to crickets."

—ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

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Science's NEW WAY to Save the Drowning

by ROBERT N. SCHWARTZ

Thousands will escape death because 11 brave young men volunteered for a daring experiment

ONE DAY LAST AUTUMN, 11 normal young men ranging in age from 22 to 31 voluntarily held hands with death. It was not a stunt. They risked their lives because a trio of doctors and one medical student with creative imagination set out to evaluate all the methods of artificial respiration.

Each year, nearly 7,000 persons are drowned in these United States; thousands of others die of electric shock, of suffocation, and similar causes. Scientists have long felt that the current and familiar method of artificial respiration, unchanged for 48 years, was not saving enough lives. Constantly they sought a method to pump more air more rapidly into the lungs of the dying person.

The 11 young men, all medical students or technicians in excellent health, offered themselves as guinea pigs to test accurately, for the first time in medical history, the efficacy of the best-known methods of artificial respiration, as well as one yet untried. Each student knew he would be running a risk—not once, but several times. For in order to succeed in the experiments, the men had to be reduced to the physical condition of a drowning person.

It was a hot and humid day in October when the students crowded into a small antechamber of an operating room at the University of Illinois College of Medicine. Then the inner door opened; and a finger beckoned.

The first of the students walked into the stark white operating room, filled with measuring machines and instruments. A team of three doctors from the University's department of clinical science were in the room: A. C. Ivy, world-renowned physiologist; Archer S. Gordon, brilliant young surgeon; and Max Sadove, outstanding authority on anesthetic agents. A student, Frank Raymon, was the fourth member of the team.

They had spent months studying all manual methods of artificial respiration and working out new ones. So important was their research that it was supported by grants

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from the American Red Cross and the Council on Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation of the American Medical Association.

The first student bared his arm; one of the doctors thrust a syringe into the flesh. The injection was a mixture of pentothal, atropine, a drug which quiets the nerves, and curare, the Indian arrow poison which paralyzes the muscles.

As the drug took hold, the student's muscles twitched, then relaxed. His face became flaccid and sagged. His breathing slowed, seemingly stopped. Now the youth was walking a tightrope, with death waiting for a misstep. Every moment was precious.

Skillfully, Dr. Sadove slipped a special kind of rubber tube into the student's throat. Attached to the tube were instruments to record the amount of air entering and leaving the lungs.

Then Dr. Gordon took over. The guinea pig was on the floor, face downward. Just like any life guard, Gordon kneeled behind the victim's hips, straddling his legs. Then, leaning forward, he placed his hands on the unconscious man's lower ribs and exerted a firm pressure. He released his grip and leaned back. Then he repeated the process.

This is the method familiar to millions as "prone-pressure respiration." It is used throughout the world and taught in schools, clubs, first-aid classes, camps, and the like. Introduced by Dr. E. A. Schäfer in 1903, the method is simple and can be learned by almost anyone.

Rapidly, efficiently, Dr. Gordon brought life-giving air into the lungs of the guinea pig. Sweat beaded the physician's forehead. A colleague read the instruments and dials, called the figures in a tense voice.

As more and more air entered his inert lungs, the guinea pig began to revive. Tabulation of the figures indicated that 500 c.c. of air was induced into the body by the prone-pressure method.

Fifteen minutes later the experiment started again, with the student still unconscious as another method of artificial respiration was tried and evaluated. And then, successively, all of the eight well-known methods were tried.

Then came the tensest moment of all—the moment toward which all their research and labor had been aimed. This was the test of the new, ninth method.

Gordon assumed the same position as in the prone-pressure method, kneeling behind the victim's hips and straddling both legs. Then, using a modification of the hip-lift method reported in 1948 by John H. Emerson, he leaned forward and inserted his clenched fist under one hip, elevating it about two inches. Next he placed his other hand under the other hip, lifted it four to six inches, producing a rotary action on the stationary hip. Then he alternated this motion with the back-pressure method.

Dr. Ivy and his colleagues had reasoned that adding the hip lift to the prone-pressure technique would more than double the amount of air sucked into the lungs. But was the reasoning correct?

As Dr. Gordon worked, his colleagues peered intently at the instruments. Slowly the needles in the instrument dials crept around . . . further . . . further . . . further.

First tentative smiles, then grins

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cracked the sober faces of the doctors. The new method worked, worked very well. An average of 1,199 c.c. of air—more than twice the prone-pressure's 500 c.c.—came in and out of the lungs in each cycle of breathing!

It was as simple as that. The new method was better, would save more lives. However, one guinea pig was not enough to prove the efficacy of the experiment. So, one by one, the other ten volunteers went into the operating room and underwent the same ordeal.

Dr. Ivy and his aids presented their report to the American Medical Association, which wasted no time in making it public. Its publication in the AMA's *Journal* last December caused a flurry of excitement in medical circles.

The article had hardly appeared when a man from Florida wrote to Dr. Ivy. Soon after reading of the experiment, he went to a beach near his home. A tight knot of people clustered anxiously near the water. Several women were weeping.

He edged into the circle. A little girl lay there, more dead than alive. She had been fished from the surf after seven minutes under water. That long period without air is almost invariably fatal—by old standards of artificial respiration.

A life guard worked frantically. He was applying the prone-pressure method perfectly, but death was winning the race.

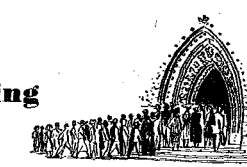
Dr. Ivy's correspondent recalled what he had just read. "Let me try for a bit," he asked. The life guard made way for him.

The man applied the hip-lift, prone-pressure method. The crowd stared bewildered, then fascinated, as the girl began to show signs of life. Color flooded her face. One leg twitched. Then the other. Several moments later she had been revived, and was little the worse for her harrowing experience.

"I thought," the man wrote, "that you would like to know how well your new method works."

The doctors were indeed happy to know. Now they can safely predict that as the hip-lift method is taught throughout the country, thousands of lives will be saved, all as a result of the courage displayed by the 11 young men who held hands with death.

Inadvertent Advertising



A PROMINENT Texas minister was interviewed by a reporter as to his sermon subject for Sunday. The minister, whose handwriting was none too legible, nevertheless obligingly wrote out the topic—"Who Is Living Your Life?"—together with a few points he meant to emphasize.

He was both surprised and gratified to see the church packed to the doors the following Sabbath. His gratification lasted only until he was shown his text as announced by the paper, however. There it was in black and white—"Who Is Loving Your Wife?" —D. F. McCULLAR

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STOP
Feeling Sorry for Yourself

by JAMES BENDER and LEE GRAHAM

Instead of indulging in self-pity, learn to deal constructively with your problems

THE FASTEST WAY to drive people away from you is to drench yourself in self-pity. Constant complaints about the weather, your health, and the state of the world in general are soon going to fall on deaf ears. For nobody, not even your best friend, can stand a never-ending tale of your particular woes.

Aside from alienating your friends, feeling sorry for yourself damages your appearance. Unpleasant thoughts make unpleasant faces. Discontent, sorrow, and hate leave an imprint which no skin lotion or massage can erase. For the turned-down mouth, the lusterless eyes, and the heavily furrowed brow are all part of an ugliness that comes from within.

No one, of course, is completely free from an urge to parade his troubles and win sympathy. The great statesman, Disraeli, capitalized upon this perfectly human weakness when he couldn't remember the name of an acquaintance.

"Whenever this happened to me," Disraeli said in his later years, "I would give myself two minutes. If I still couldn't remember the name, I would always rescue myself from embarrassment by asking, 'And tell me, pray, how is the old complaint?' "

Yes, there are few things more satisfying than an invitation to list our grievances. Successful department stores do it for their customers. Doctors do it for their patients. And clever wives do it for their husbands. But when people complain constantly, without an invitation, that's a different story. It is the beginning of the end of getting along well with others.

One trait the weepers and wailers share is a *tendency to hurt themselves.* Because their woes are a device to attract sympathy, they enjoy suffering. Of course, they would be the last to admit it, but frequently they manage to fall into situations from which they emerge with a physical or mental raw deal. Then they bitterly blame anybody but themselves.

Psychiatrists call such behavior "masochistic"—a term they apply to the entire trend of an individual's actions, if his actions have a way of pushing him into trouble.

Until recently, it was assumed that if a man smashed his car, fell off a ladder, or burned his hand, it just "happened." But when it was noticed that certain people were having many accidents and others were having very few, the matter went under psychiatric study.

Why, doctors asked themselves,

From *Your Way to Popularity and Personal Power*, by James Bender and Lee Graham. Copyright, 1950, and published by Coward-McCann, Inc., 210 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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do some persons get involved in disasters almost as if by habit? And why is it that other persons practically never do?

According to Dr. J. Cotter Hirschberg, director of the Mental Hygiene Division of the University of Colorado's Department of Medicine: "Eighty to ninety per cent of all accidents do not happen 'by accident.' They are brought about by people's unconscious conflicts. Mostly, they are purposeful in character."

One of Dr. Hirschberg's studies backs up this idea. Twenty miners from an isolated mine in Colorado were chosen for the experiment. Ten of them were accident-free and the other ten had records of numerous mishaps. The group was sent to the University of Colorado and given thorough psychiatric and psychological tests.

The men who were worried about problems at home or who felt insecure on the job or who were angry at their immediate bosses were found to have the most accidents.

Another form of masochism, although a less violent one, is the *wish to be a martyr*. Very few persons who whine about a despotic boss or a demanding friend or selfish spouse would think of making a change. They enjoy their misery too much. It's a sure way of attracting attention, and they wouldn't dream of doing without it.

One woman, despite her intelligence and charm, is habitually criticized and mistreated by her husband. He calls her an old hag, —she's 28—and flaunts his affairs with other women in her face.

She cries profusely and confides her unhappiness to her relatives and friends. But she doesn't leave him. Her excuse for staying is that the children need their father, though he shows them no affection.

Actually, she likes the humiliation. Without it, she would have no reason to feel hurt and indulge in orgies of self-pity. She would be forced to look for more mature satisfactions in order to put drama into her life. Above all, she would miss having her friends say, "My, that poor woman has her cross to bear! How *does* she stand it?"

ONE OF THE LOUDEST complaints of the weepers is about lack of success in their work. They will explain that the boss doesn't appreciate them, their talent is being wasted, and their pay check is a disgrace. They blame the whole thing on "bad breaks" or a more mysterious factor called "politics." It never occurs to them that *they fail because they don't want to succeed.* It's not that they're short of energy. They have plenty of it. But they fritter it away on long afternoons of golf, even longer evenings of bridge, lengthy phone conversations, or on anything else that will waste time and yet make them appear occupied.

Why do they behave in this self-damaging fashion? The answer is basically this: *These men and women would rather accept failure than endure the challenge it takes to succeed.* They don't want to run the race because they fear the competition. So they unconsciously do their best to fail.

Fundamentally, what ails these people is an overdose of self-centered thinking. It amounts, in fact, to too much selfishness. They expect so much from each day that

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it never occurs to them to murmur, "Thank you, God, for what I have." Their prayer, instead, is "Give me a lot more."

If you want to stop feeling sorry for yourself, there are specific steps you can take. One of them is *to do more for others.* Here is a spiritual narcotic, better than all the pills your doctor can prescribe.

That is what Milton Hershey, the fabulous candy manufacturer, did to fill the emptiness that nagged him because he and his wife had no children. He might have become bitter over his disappointment. Instead, he built a great orphanage to which he donated a fortune. Today, it cares for 1,100 homeless boys. And while Hershey was alive, it must have been a glorious antidote to his unfulfilled wish.

Talking to other people about your difficulty is a sound idea, if you don't let it become a selfish indulgence. But make sure that these persons are close friends and relatives, who have sympathy, strength, and judgment.

Finally, the surest way to lighten unhappiness is *to call on your faith.* Having faith doesn't mean denying that trouble exists. On the contrary, intelligent faith points out the reality of our sorrows, but asks that we put them into the proper perspective. Most important of all, it leads us past the fear of chance and "hard luck" into the bright fields of effort and self-reliance.

It is only after we learn these constructive ways of dealing with our complaints that we find ourselves getting along better with others. The weeping-and-wailing method drives people away. But an unfolding of sportsmanship and courage makes them want to be your friends. For, plunged as they probably are in their own sorrows, they will delight in your company if you give them strength and hope.

Tourist Traps

ONE OF THOSE conscientious tourists who "reads up" on the area to be visited before he starts out was driving through Vermont. In asking directions of a farmer, he put his knowledge to use, remarking: "I understand there are more cows than people in Vermont."

"Yup," agreed the farmer.

"Why?" asked the tourist.

"We like 'em better."

—MRS. LOUISE STEINER

A TALKATIVE and friendly city fellow was touring New Hampshire, when, on a back road, he saw a farmer and his little two-year-old granddaughter sitting under a tree. The tourist pulled up alongside them and admired the little girl.

"What do you call her?" he asked the farmer.

"Amalasvinta," the farmer answered.

"Isn't that a rather long name?"

The farmer looked at the tourist with contempt. "Listen, son, we're not city folk. We've got time."

—THOMAS DREIER (NASHUA *Cavalier*)

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Los Angeles Loves Its Farmers Market

by Fred Beck

You can get popcorn or a pair of chinchillas at "the darnedest place you ever saw"

One day last summer, the Los Angeles police wanted to ask certain questions of Mickey Cohen, who usually prefers to be identified as a haberdasher.

They couldn't find him: they didn't know where to look. Oddly enough, they hadn't stopped to consider that everybody in Los Angeles —or nearly everybody—shops at the Farmers Market.

On that particular morning, the dapper Mickey made his usual majestic entrance, convoyed by a gunboat named Jimmy Rist. There he was, in the open, negotiating for $70 worth of imported caviar from R. B. Curl, purveyor of fancy groceries. And up the aisle at the same moment, J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I., convoyed by an aide, was buying a quart of fresh-peach ice cream from a girl named Thyra.

Mr. Cohen is a local resident. Mr. Hoover, of course, is from out of town. The point is that one of Los Angeles' ripest tourist attractions—a bizarre Bazaar called the Farmers Market—is likewise the favorite Mecca of the city's natives.

Architecturally, this huge and hectic food fair is a maze of low, white, sprawling buildings, with here and there a tower or cupola, set well back from the street in a 15-acre sea of asphalt. Here is concentrated a seething assembly of 150 fruit and vegetable stalls, specialty food shops, and kitchens that serve prodigious quantities of prepared food. Also, it is not without traps baited for tourist dollars. Between them, the tourists and the local Market enthusiasts have made the establishment a multimillion-dollar business.

The Market opened for business in 1934 as 18 canvas-topped booths laid out in two neat aisles. It soon expanded to five aisles and later broke loose in all directions to become the present maze of stores, booths, kiosks, and cafés. You can buy pigs' knuckles or authentic

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Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras*. A nickel gets you a bag of popcorn or $1,800 gets you a pair of chinchillas, warranted to be a breeding pair.

The Market also sells housewares, guppies, Guatemalan wedding chains, talking myna birds, groceries, false noses, cheese from 56 foreign countries, and honey from 48 states. There are chocolate bars, and silver-mounted saddles priced from $20,000 down. An estimated 8,000 lunches are served daily to patrons who are pushed and jolted, who pay downtown prices for meals served on paper plates, and are denied even a glass of drinking water with their meal. All this pleases them mightily—a gala spirit fills the air—and if, after having gone from kitchen to kitchen to load a tray, you can find a place to sit and eat, you're lucky.

It's big, it's busy, and, as Farmers Market advertising modestly puts it, it's "The Darnedest Place You Ever Saw." But 'twas not always thus. So let's cut back to the beginning and find out how one of the country's dizziest commercial enterprises got that way.

THE YEAR 1933 was a tough one: men were selling apples on street corners. But that same year, a better scheme for selling apples and other produce was conceived by an optimistic opportunist named Roger Dahlhjelm. Aged 61 at the time, he told people he was 51, looked 41. Prior to 1933, he had been a promoter of land schemes and had sold Stanley Steamers. Behind this affable widower were two bankruptcies of record, and before him was the Farmers Market.

In 1933, he dreamed of a sort of village tenanted by American craftworkers who would make, and sell, handmade furniture, hand-loomed rugs, handwrought ironwork, and so on. His Crafts Village would have a fine town hall (his personal office) and it would have a cobbled town square wherein farmers would gather once a week for market day.

He engaged architects to blueprint his dream, and then began seeking a likely site for his amazing project. In due course he met Earl B. Gilmore, wealthy sportsman and owner of a 60-acre tract known as Gilmore Island, so called because it was an island of County territory, completely surrounded by the City of Los Angeles.

To meet high taxes, Gilmore had built a sports stadium on the northwest corner of the land. Elsewhere on the Island were such minor dodges as a miniature golf course, a trout casting pond, and other catch-penny enterprises. Behind this fringe, the original ranch house remained inviolate, protected by high walls. This was Gilmore's home, and he still lives there. And this was the land that Dahlhjelm sought for a Crafts Village back in 1933. Furthermore, he sought a million or so of Gilmore's dollars to build his dream.

While Gilmore considered Dahlhjelm's plan silly, he saw merit in one detail. "Sure! Why not let farmers sell direct to the consumer, out there on the southwest corner of the property?"

In a borrowed car, Dahlhjelm toured the countryside talking to farmers. Many a farmer was already operating a roadside stand at which nobody stopped in those Depression days. Perhaps in town—close to the

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consumer—a man could sell his corn and melons.

When the actual opening came in July, 1934, there were only 18 stalls, 12 of them rented by farmers or by people who said they were farmers. There was Stuart Crowley, who sold sherry from the cask, and a nickel off if you brought your own jug. There was Howdy Weisman with his Women's Exchange. The good women of the neighborhood baked cakes which they turned over to Howdy to sell.

There was an elderly widow who made candy at home, and sold it through her stall. There was the man with the ice-cream freezer. And there was Charlie Taylor, who sold bulk sausage from a galvanized tub, covered with gauze and bedded down in ice.

Each of the tenants paid a flat rent of 50 cents a day, and at the end of the first day Dahlhjelm had taken in $9.25. But the place had simplicity and gaiety, and curious housewives came to look it over, stayed to buy fresh fruit and vegetables. Then they told the neighbors and came back for more.

Dahlhjelm's optimism and his big grin were an important part of what the customers liked at Farmers Market. But he ran things with a blissful disregard for such matters as health ordinances.

For example, a county ruling required that a place employing more than ten people must provide rest rooms. So he employed a youth who owned a Model-T touring car. "Rest rooms" was lettered on the car's sides, and it operated on a beltline basis to and fro across the dusty fields to Gilmore Stadium, which did have facilities.

In a matter of weeks, the 18 original stalls became 30; and now bigger merchants were beginning to watch the market. Among them was Campbell Stewart, a Los Angeles grocer of standing. He decided he wanted to establish a store in Farmers Market, but this would require a building. Dahlhjelm didn't have money to build. However, it was agreed that Stewart's rent would be based on a percentage of volume, and soon a building fund was growing.

A somewhat similar plan of financing resulted in other buildings going up, and the physical Market began to come into being. Soon it boasted a fine meat department operated by R. J. Magee. The now-famous Ocean Foods establishment began presenting the West's best seafood. And Humphrey's celebrated bake shop was installed.

At the end of five years, the Market was by way of being an American miracle, and of course it had been discovered by screen stars, whose presence did the business no harm. Such glamorous ones as Greta Garbo, Rita Hayworth, Dorothy Lamour, Lucille Ball, and Simone Simon were frequently seen among the home-grown tomatoes. Boris Karloff was a regular customer, as were Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. Such gourmets as Sydney Greenstreet, Gene Palette, and Jean Hersholt also discovered the place, to the delight of tourists who were beginning to find the Market, too.

WHEN DAHLHJELM dreamed up his Crafts Village, he did not foresee that his idea would materialize as a restaurant. The trend began by

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accident. Early in the proceedings, a lady customer purchased a bun at a bake shop and a slice of ham at the delicatessen. She combined her purchases into an impromptu sandwich, sat herself on a celery crate—and made history. The spectacle amused the other customers, who promptly bought "makings," and quite an eating fad broke out.

Dahlhjelm resisted the trend. It besmirched the rustic simplicity of the place, he argued. But a public trend cannot be stopped, and soon the Market was supplying free paper napkins. Tables were set out, shaded by colorful umbrellas. And of course the stalls began to sell meals, many of the specialty kitchens asking: "You wanta eat it here or take it with you?"

By 1937, with the Market an established success, Dahlhjelm undertook the promoting of two other Farmers Markets in Los Angeles, and both were harrowing failures. Dahlhjelm went down for the financial count, then returned to the original Market as a salaried manager for Gilmore.

The Market's biggest expansion came just before World War II, although this, again, was not recognized for what it was when it began. Ben Strauss, merchandising executive with the May Company, called on Gilmore and negotiated a 20-year lease on a piece of land north of the market. On this, he put up a block of 20 modern stores, tenanted with merchants who sold women's ready-to-wear, shoes, housewares, and other lines which made of the location a general shopping center. Strauss had a fine thing there, except for the fact that one by one his merchants moved out.

Strauss abandoned the project, and title to the buildings went to Gilmore. By now the war was on, and wages, including Dahlhjelm's, were frozen. Gilmore wanted to do something for Dahlhjelm, and so he gave him a 20-year lease on the Strauss buildings.

Dahlhjelm knocked down the Neon signs, tore out the chromium, converted the 20 stores into more than twice that many smaller ones, found tenants for all, and thus gave the Market an extensive annex.

In one section there are foreign import shops. Another section, known as The Farmer's Dell, is an arcade of booths displaying an unbelievable assortment of useful and useless objects. The main row of specialty stores presents children's wear, cameras, books, toys, sporting goods, haberdashery, a linen shop, and many another.

Dahlhjelm's earnings, from the section covered by his lease, increased his income by some $3,000 a month. He made a down payment on a 40-acre farm and acquired 50 standard-breds which he began to train as trotting horses.

Today, the Market's farmers, shopkeepers, and restaurateurs can answer questions in 38 foreign languages, including Egyptian and Chinese—yet so polyglot has the consumer group become that it's inevitable that sooner or later a customer will come forth to disprove the Market's boast that "no matter where you're from, we speak your language."

When it comes to meats and groceries and other standard comestibles, the Market of course has everything that a mere supermarket has—and it has something else. The

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something else is only partly definable. Whatever it is, it caused the State Department to build a "Voice of America" broadcast around the establishment, and then to put out a picture book, for foreign distribution, presenting the Market as a typical example of free enterprise in America.

As Dahlhjelm's obsession with horse breeding increased, he gave less of his time to Market affairs. Thus it was that Gilmore began looking for another man to take over the helm of this crazy, profitable, and accidental enterprise. A few years back he employed John Gostovich—a capable and congenial young businessman of the modern school. Gostovich spent a year making an analysis of Dahlhjelm's showmanship and defining the Market's peculiar appeal to the public. By 1949, he was running the enterprise efficiently and well—and continuing the nonstop program of expansion.

The ring of hammers and the song of the saw have accompanied the Market's progress all the way. The latest innovation is a spacious second-floor deck to accommodate the additional hundreds who accept "Lunch at the Farmers Market" as an old California custom.

By 1949, Dahlhjelm was 77, and his heart was tiring. He got around the Market in a motorized wheel chair. He still laughed, but sometimes the laugh had a wan note.

Then he got married. A year later he died, and his old friends, original Market tenants, put him to rest in that other L. A. attraction, Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Behind him he left a commercial memorial which is indubitably the Darnedest Place You Ever Saw.

Tele-talk

AN AMERICAN invited a newly arrived Russian to his home. They watched several TV programs—a drama, a comedy skit, newsreels, and sporting events—but the Stalinite looked bored with it all. Then another program came on and his eyes lit up.

"Ah, puppets!" he exclaimed. "Now, I feel at home!" —NICK KENNY

DURING A very severe storm we thought that our small son Jimmy might awaken and be frightened. We looked into his room just as he opened his eyes and mumbled, "What's Daddy doing with the television set now?" —*The Instructor*

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY and his six-year-old sister are devoted to a late-afternoon television program. Not long ago, shortly before the program was to start, the boy swallowed a nickel. His disturbed mother hurriedly made plans to take him to the doctor's office.

His sister, moved by his remonstrances, begged: "Mother, please don't make him miss the program. I'll give you one of *my* nickels."

—KANSAS CITY *Star*

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Picture Story

THIS IS OUR FLAG

Illustrated by GEORGE MAYERS

THE AMERICAN FLAG was born in the troubled and uncertain days of our War for Independence. In the century and three quarters that followed, it became a beacon of light in democracy's darkest hours, stirring our hearts with pride and confidence. Throughout the history of this nation, the flag has always been a rallying point for the forces of freedom and the men who would die for it. On the pages that follow are scenes representing some of the proudest moments our flag has known, the story of its inspiration to "one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

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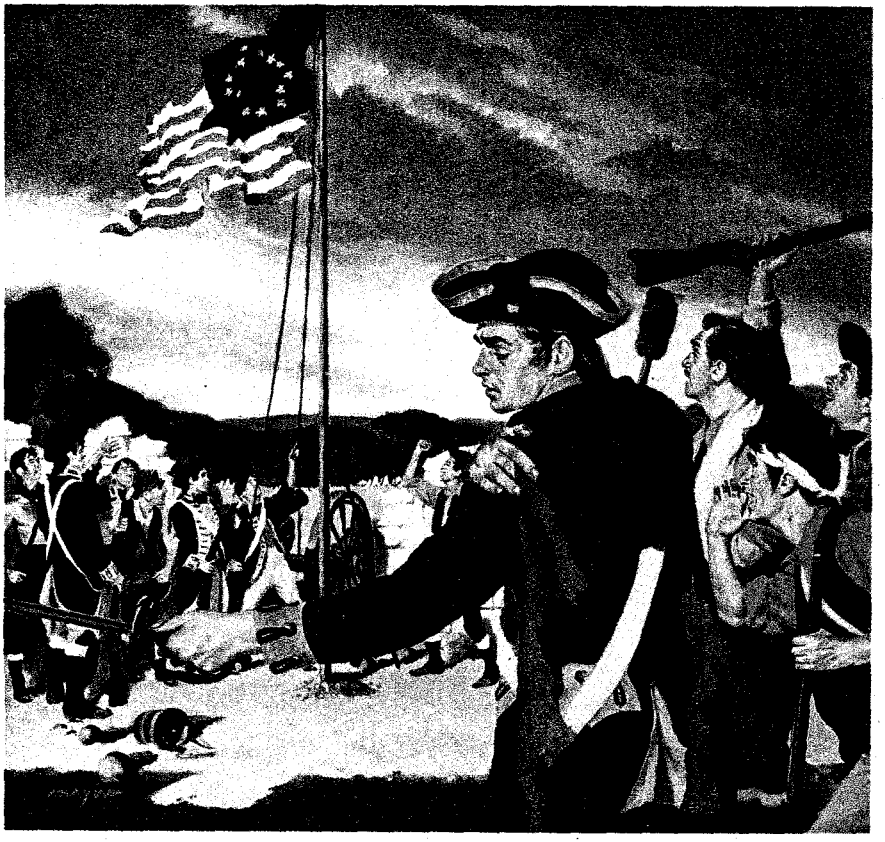

FORT SCHUYLER, 1777: "A Flag Was Contrived."

THE AMERICAN Revolution was in its third year. In the wilderness of upper New York, outnumbered and outgunned by Redcoats and Redskins, a tiny garrison huddled within the walls of Fort Schuyler. Their spirits had ebbed with their powder supply. Now both were exhausted. Then a small relief contingent slipped into Schuyler with the news: the Continental Congress had adopted a flag—the new nation had a symbol around which all men could rally. Sagging spirits stiffened. A soldier's wife gave her red petticoat to make a flag. White shirts served as stars. An officer's cloak made the blue field. "It had taxed the invention of the garrison," the commander noted, "but a decent flag was soon contrived." On Sunday morning, August 3, 1777, the banner of independence was hoisted into the summer breeze. Twenty days later, muskets sounded through the forests. A relief column had arrived. Fort Schuyler—and the American flag—were saved.

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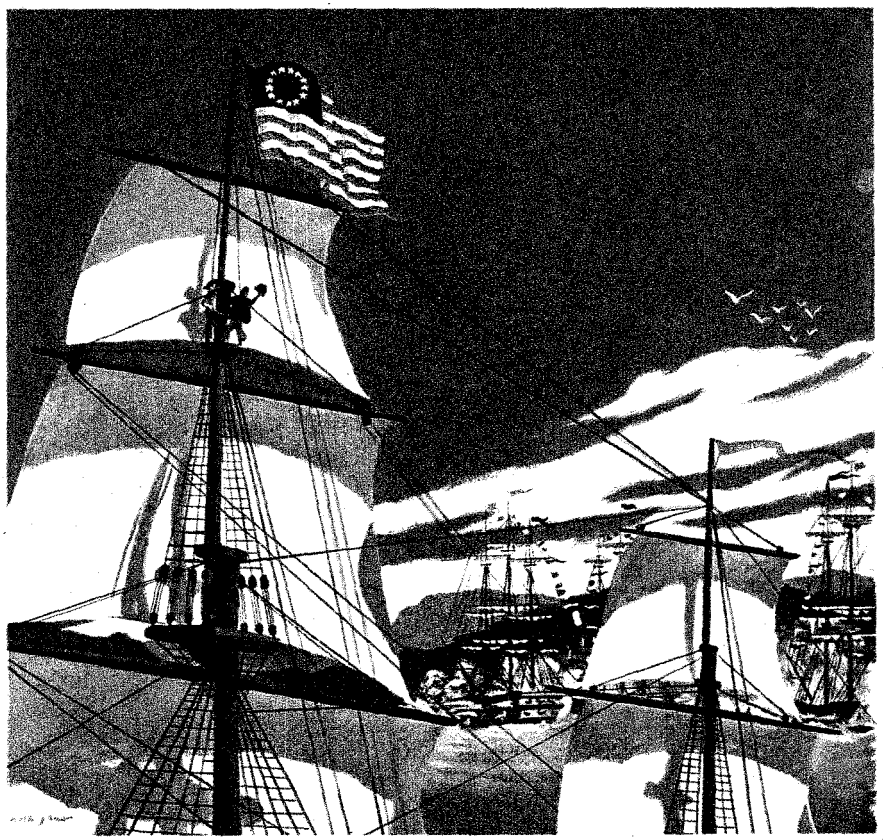

JOHN PAUL JONES, 1778: "The Flag and I Are Twins."

ON JUNE 14, 1777, the Continental Congress authorized the new flag. Later that same day, it passed another resolution: "Resolved, that Capt. John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*." He was a man whose name was destined to ring across the Atlantic. "The flag and I are twins," the new Captain recorded, "born the same hour." Eight months later, he guided the *Ranger* into the harbor of Brest with the news of Burgoyne's surrender. He notified the French commandant that the American standard had never before been recognized by a foreign power. Would the French fleet salute the Stars and Stripes? Next evening, the dying sun falling on his colors, Captain Jones sailed past the French men-of-war. His guns boomed out a salute. And through the twilight came the answer. The *Ranger's* crew cheered. Jones' heart leaped with each booming of the nine-gun salute. The new Republic had won a place in the family of nations.

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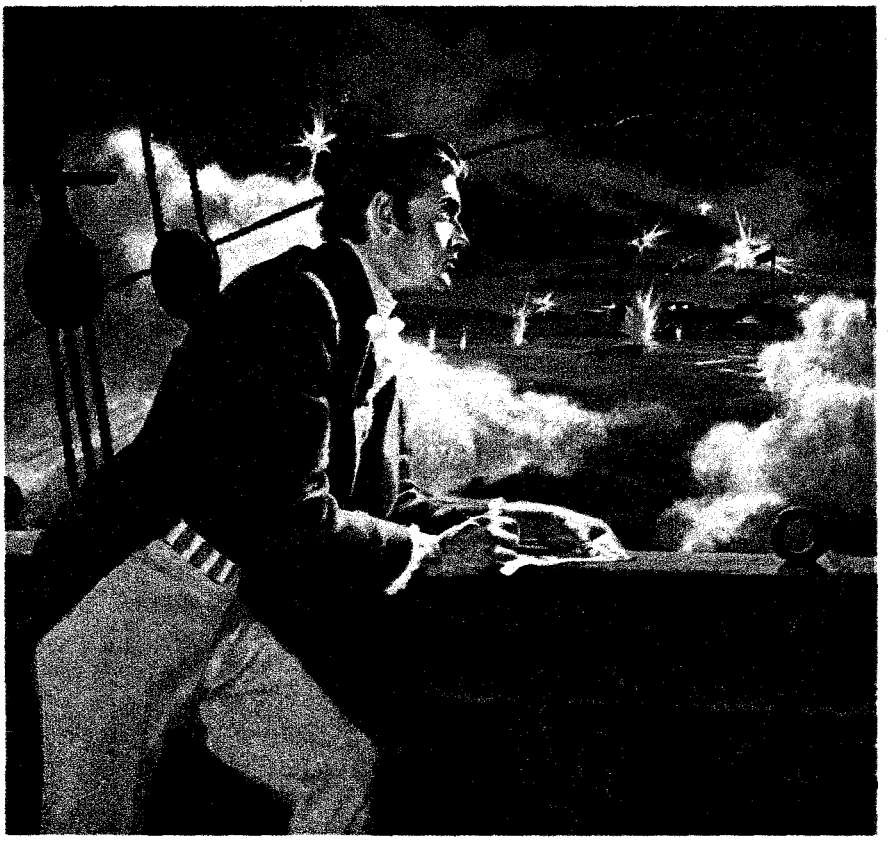

FORT McHENRY, 1814: "Bombs Bursting in Air."

BRITISH naval forces had swept onto the Great Lakes: land armies were marching on Baltimore. On September 10, 1814, a young American boarded a British man-of-war to negotiate for the liberation of a prisoner. But the British were about to attack Fort McHenry in Chesapeake Bay, and their admiral told Francis Scott Key: "You must remain aboard until the fort is reduced." Pacing the afterdeck, Key watched the shells burst about the besieged fort's tattered flag. Night fell. The young man slept little, pondering the fate of the brave men who barred the British way to Baltimore. With the first rays of dawn, Key peered through the darkness. The sun rose higher. And suddenly he saw it—the flag, still flying, proud and defiant. In a burst of exaltation, he wrote a poem beginning, "Oh, say can you see . . ." The words were inscribed on an old envelope. But the spirit sang, and *The Star Spangled Banner* took its place in history as our national anthem.

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CHAPULTEPEC, 1848

IN THE September sunlight, American foot-soldiers lay at the foot of the long hill. Shielded by the breastworks of Chapultepec Castle, Mexican cannon hurled their shells down on the thin line of attackers. Then the Americans began to move. Swarming over heavily manned redoubts, they thrust back the defenders. Chapultepec was theirs. And throughout the city, Mexicans who saw Old Glory hoisted to the castle's tower laid down their arms. The Yankees had taken Mexico City.

FORT SUMTER, 1865

FORT SUMTER was the first Union fortress to be fired on by the Confederates, the first to strike its colors. On April 14, 1861, Sumter's commander, Maj. Robert Anderson, "marched out with drums beating." But through four years of war, he burned with one dream. On April 14, 1865, the dream came true. Anderson stood in the compound of Fort Sumter and with pounding heart commanded the flag to be raised again to the top of the flagpole. The Civil War was over.

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SITKA, 1867

BITTER WINDS swept across the Aleutian plateau, but the two ranks of soldiers stood at solemn attention. Drums rolled as the Russian flag came down, again as the American flag went up. Then Americans and Russians were pounding each other's backs. For $7,200,000, the U. S. had bought Alaska—"Seward's Folly." The day would come when that northern land would lie athwart America's defenses, when Seward's foresight would be justified by the march of history.

SANTIAGO, 1898

FROM SAN JUAN hill, a withering hail of Spanish rifle fire pinned American assault troops. Unable to advance or retreat, they fell, one by one. Suddenly a trooper saw the flag inching forward. The words of *The Star Spangled Banner* came to his lips as he moved ahead. Others joined him. The song mounted in volume. The advance swept on. Forward went the inspired Americans, up the hill and over the crest. That night, the American flag flew above the key city of Santiago.

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HAVANA, 1902: When the Flag Came Down.

WITH THE END of the Spanish-American War, Gen. Leonard Wood moved into Havana's big white executive mansion. With the help of the U. S. War Department, he had set himself a monumental goal: in three years, he planned to stamp out the poverty, fear, and disease bred in Cuba by four centuries of ignorance. The scourge of yellow fever was attacked first—and defeated. Schools were built and roads improved. A Cuban Constitution was evolved and a president elected. All the best efforts of the U. S. were for a rare purpose in the relationship of nations. A country had gone to war, occupied a territory, put it back on its feet—and was now about to return it to the people. On a sunny spring day in 1902, General Wood stepped to the flagpole and loosened the halyard. Forty-five guns boomed a triumphant salute. Many times had Old Glory been raised in victory. Now it was being lowered, but it had never known a prouder moment.

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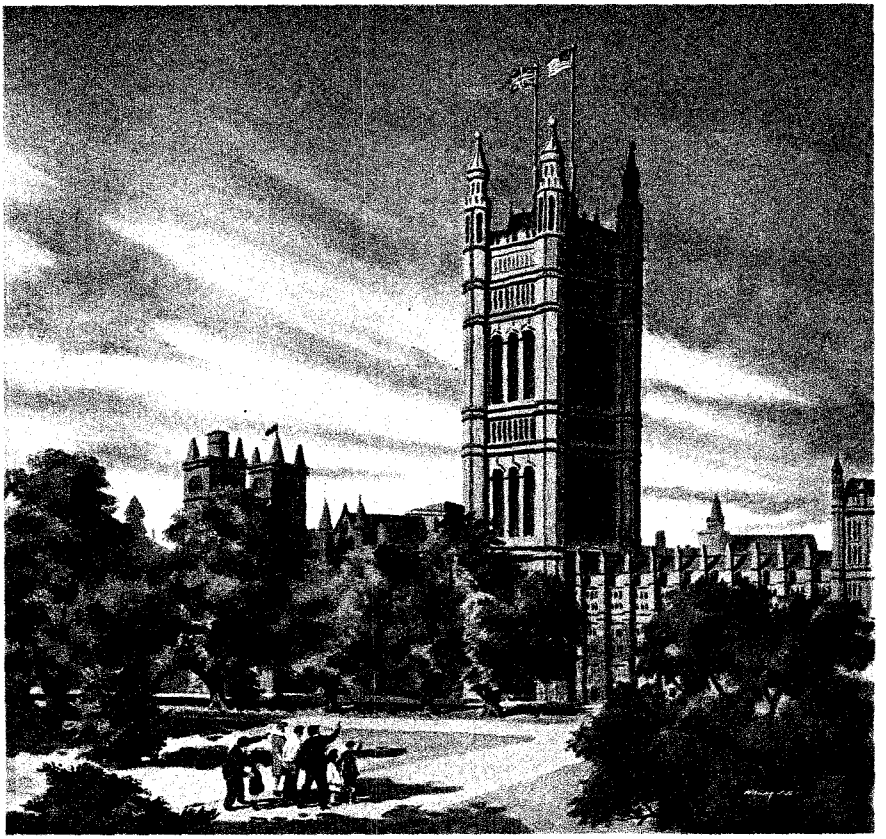

WESTMINSTER, 1917: "The Americans Are With Us!"

APRIL 6th was much like any other day in wartime London. Bicycles moved through the streets. Soldiers on leave stopped at kiosks to read the latest news. Suddenly a distant shouting grew louder. The bicycles stopped. The soldiers seized one another and danced a jig. The word swept from one end of London to the other: "The Americans are with us!" Across the sea, Woodrow Wilson had solemnly asked for war with Germany, and, for the first time in history, the two great English-speaking democracies were allied in a common cause. That evening, high above the Victory Tower of Westminster Palace, where only the royal colors and the Union Jack had ever flown before, the Stars and Stripes were unfurled to the breeze. Through a year and a half of bitter fighting—Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Meuse-Argonne—the two flags flew proudly, side by side. When they were hauled down, it was in token of the triumph of a great and noble cause.

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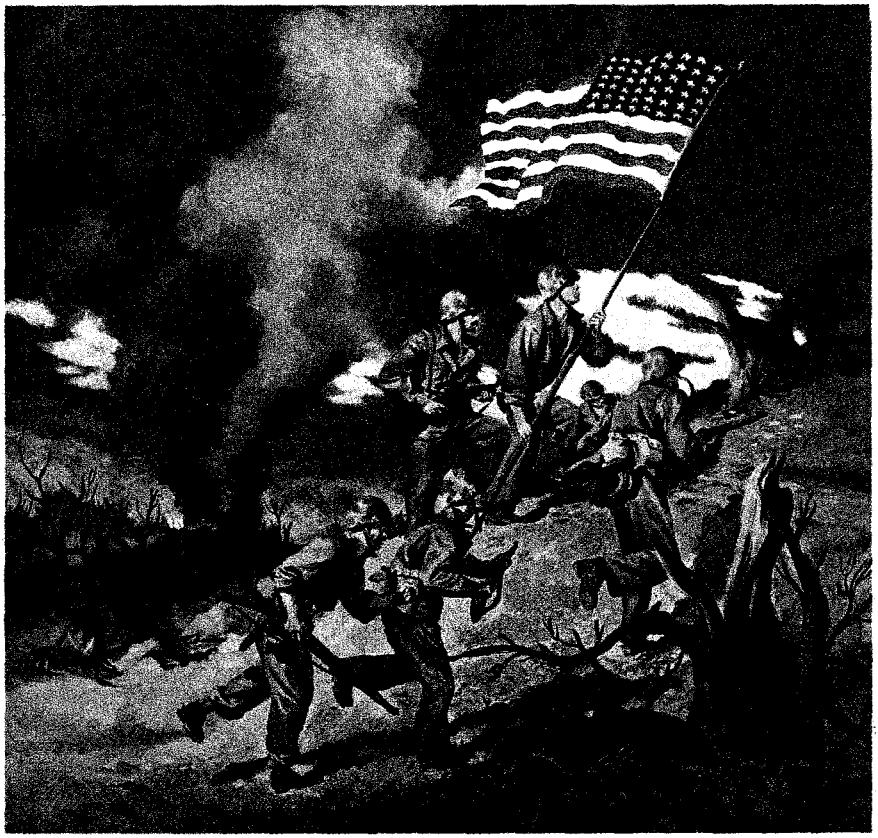

IWO JIMA, 1945: "Bring Up the Flag!"

WHEN THE SUN sank behind Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Americans wondered whether they could hold their own. In the early months, they couldn't. Wake Island, Bataan, Singapore—all these fell to the Japs. But men of good will were gathering their strength. The counterattack swept over Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Saipan. Then, on February 19, 1945, U. S. Marines splashed ashore on a strange island called Iwo Jima. It was the toughest target yet. On a few hundred yards of ashy beach, fire and death poured down from Mount Suribachi. The Marines buried their faces and waited for a chance to move. One squad advanced. Another. Only cold steel could root out the Japs. And then, in the battle's bitterest moment, half a squad dashed up Suribachi and plunged the flag into its crest. In days to come, it would make the war's most inspiring picture. On that bloody day, it meant victory on Iwo. It heralded the end of World War II.

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THE PRAYING MANTIS:

Friend of Man

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

An insect with a voracious appetite and the spirit of a tiger is fighting on our side

THIS SUMMER, many million bushels of corn—possibly hundreds of millions—will again disappear from American farms, destroyed by a single insect immigrant, the European corn borer. Other bad actors from abroad—the Hessian fly, the Mexican boll weevil, the Japanese beetle—rob us of billions of dollars every year.

Most of these insect immigrants have been undesirable aliens. But one, slipping past the authorities in the last years of the 19th century, is trying to balance the books. This is the Praying Mantis, one of the oddest of all friends of man.

Three inches or more in length, green or brown, the mantis suggests some prehistoric monster in miniature. In perfect silence, it awaits the coming of each new victim, its spined forelegs folded meekly in an attitude of prayer. Once the victim is within reach, these forelegs shoot out, the blades snap shut, and the prey is held as helpless as though it were caught in a toothed steel trap.

Behind the sanctimonious exterior of the mantis lies the spirit of an insect tiger. It is driven by an almost-unending hunger for living victims, including a host of agricultural pests. Thus, as it is fighting on our side, its great appetite is its

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great virtue. So valuable, in fact, is the insatiable hunger of the mantis for aphides and caterpillars, for beetles and moths, that people in many parts of the country have taken to placing mantis egg-cases in their gardens. From 125 to 350 tiny insects hatch from each case to provide a natural check on horticultural pests.

Not long ago, the New York *Times* warned its readers to be careful, in trimming hedges, not to destroy the eggs of this valuable insect. A Midwestern nursery advertised mantis egg-cases and sold hundreds of them for as much as $3 apiece. Today, with the help of man, this insect immigrant is spreading and increasing throughout the Northern states.

It was shortly before the Spanish-American War that two nurserymen, one near Philadelphia and the other at Rochester, New York, came upon startling, outlandish insects clinging to the leaves of nursery stock. They had great eyes and pointed, inquisitive faces. Unlike other insects, they could turn their heads and look back over their shoulders in the manner of a man.

Strangely enough, they had come to the two nurseries at exactly the same time from opposite ends of the earth. The Philadelphia mantis had journeyed from the Orient, the Rochester insect from the south of France. Both reached America accidentally, probably in egg-cases attached to packing material shipped with nursery plants.

Since then, the Oriental mantis has extended its range to New England, while the European variety has spread northward beyond the Canadian border. Our most common native species is a smaller, short-winged mantis, which is most frequently found below the Mason-Dixon Line.

WHEN I FIRST CAME upon a mantis, 20 years ago, it was clinging to a bush, gripping a Monarch butterfly in its forelegs. Since then, I have seen the insects dining on bumblebees, crickets, houseflies, grasshoppers, spiny caterpillars, hornets, cabbage butterflies, Japanese beetles and even on a Black Widow spider. Nothing seems to upset the digestion of a mantis. I know one that ate an insect which had been marked with green paint. It gobbled it down, paint and all, and showed no ill effects.

Once, as an experiment, I fed a mantis a wasp that had been killed in a cyanide jar, dipped in shellac and then soaked in 195-proof denatured alcohol. Even this entomological Mickey Finn didn't jolt it in the least.

While the main course on the mantis' bill of fare is always insects, it will try to eat anything that doesn't eat it first. One female consumed two small frogs and then began on a striped lizard three times as long as herself. A neighbor of mine once found a mantis perched on the edge of an aquarium with a small turtle gripped in its forelegs.

One September day, on Long Island, I came upon a mantis clutching a short-tailed shrew, and, in an entomological journal, a writer reported finding a mantis dining on a field mouse. But the climax of the insect's hunger comes in late fall when food is growing scarce. I have photographed a man-

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tis dining, without apparent pain, on one of its own forelegs.

In fact, this bizarre creature often accepts major injuries as minor events. If a young mantis loses a leg or antenna, it simply grows a new one. I have seen a mantis that had been decapitated in battle, rise to its feet hours after this mortal injury, walk and even lift its wings in an attempt to fly. A male mantis will continue mating long after its head has been severed from its body.

Normally, a mantis walks by moving its front and rear legs on one side in unison with its middle leg on the opposite side. Beheaded, it progresses in this same complicated manner, but is unable to walk backward.

As fearless as it is voracious, the mantis will rear up and face a cat or dog without flinching. The only thing a mantis seems to fear is the tiny ant. Perhaps this is a reflection of the fact that ants sometimes fall upon soft and helpless baby mantises as they appear from the egg-case and slaughter them before they can escape.

In spite of the carnivorous fierceness of the mantis, it is entirely harmless to man. Every autumn, I bring several indoors for pets. They cling motionless to plants or curtains, eating proffered crickets and grasshoppers and bits of hamburger, drinking water from a teaspoon in the manner of ponies at a trough, washing their faces like kittens after every meal, boxing with me when I push a forefinger in their direction, and following my every movement about the room, often with their heads cocked puppy-wise on one side.

It is in late summer and early fall that the mantises seem suddenly to appear from nowhere. Camouflaged by their color and small size, they have gone unnoticed among the garden plants. Now, winged and full-grown and several inches in length, the strange creatures attract wide attention.

Zoos and museums are flooded with phone calls each year. The odd insects appear on skyscraper window sills. Sometimes as many as 100 a week reach the top of the Empire State Building. Then a few weeks pass, the first heavy frost comes, and all the mantises disappear, killed by the cold. Their span of life embraces but a single season.

These latter weeks of life, however, are marked by dramatic events. One is the strange cannibal feast which often ends the mating season. The female mantis devours her husband. So intense is the driving hunger of the insect that, even while mating, the female may start consuming the male.

Soon afterwards she takes a position, head downward, on some twig or weed stem and begins the production of one of the most amazing fortifications on earth. Gummy froth, apparently allied to silk, pours from the top of her tail. Moving in the manner of a threshing machine building up a straw stack, the tail-tip swings or circles slowly. In the case of the Oriental mantis, the result is a ball of froth about the size of an English walnut; that of the European mantis is the size and shape of a large pecan.

Quickly hardening in the air, the froth forms an insulating blanket about an inner citadel, with walls almost as hard as horn, which con-

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tains the rows of elongated eggs. A whole new generation of insects will hatch from these eggs at the beginning of another summer season. They will find passageways and exit doors awaiting them when they come from the egg. For this simple-appearing mass of froth is a marvelously intricate structure.

It is at once a vault, holding the precious eggs; a fort, barring enemies; a hotel, with halls and exits and rows of tiny rooms. The whole future of the species in Northern states, as well as the benefits derived from the mantis' appetite in fields and gardens during the succeeding summer, depend on the success of the egg-case.

Probably it is inevitable that a creature so bizarre in its way and so striking in its appearance should be the subject of legends of long standing. A boy in northern Florida once assured me in all seriousness that a man in a neighboring town had been blinded for life when a mantis spit in his eye. Throughout the South, as well as in Mexico, the insect bears the colloquial name of "Mule Killer." It is supposed to give off from its mouth a brown "molasses" that is deadly to mules.

The various names bestowed upon the mantis, such as the Soothsayer and the Devil's Rearhorse, reflect superstition which has surrounded this remarkable insect. Hottentots worshiped the Praying Mantis as a minor god. The ancient Greeks thought it had supernatural powers of divination. French peasants believe it stretches out its forelegs to point the way home for lost children. The Turks maintain that the mantis always assumes its attitude of prayer facing Mecca.

Needless to say, the mantis does not kill mules, it does not cause blindness, it does not direct lost children or pray facing Mecca. But it does, in its own strange way, aid farmer and gardener alike. From birth to death, and in increasing numbers in Northern states, the Praying Mantis is fighting on our side in an unending war against mankind's insect enemies.

Sound Appreciation

IT WAS A HOT DAY at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field and the Pirates were giving the St. Louis Cardinals a first-class trouncing. Directly in front of me sat a well-dressed man and his wife. When the Pirates were at bat, and a hit was made, the man would stand up and "root" like an eager youngster. When the Cards were at bat, and the ball cracked in the catcher's glove, and the umpire sent the *strike three* whisper through the packed stands, the man would exhibit excited satisfaction.

Presently, when Ralph Kiner came to bat and slammed a home run into the stands, the man turned to his wife and exclaimed: "Golly, Martha, wasn't the crack of that bat a sound for angels' ears!"

The man turned his head with a broad smile, and for the first time I saw that he was totally blind.

—WILBERT NATHAN SAVAGE

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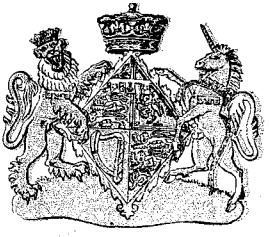
PRINCESS MARGARET: ROYAL GLAMOUR GIRL

by ANNE FROMER

The author was permitted inside Buckingham Palace to obtain firsthand material for this revealing portrait of Princess Margaret.—THE EDITORS



IN AN AGE when royal pageantry seems headed for oblivion, Britain still staunchly upholds the institution of monarchy—particularly in the person of Princess Margaret. Now nearing her 21st birthday, this charming younger daughter of the King and Queen is a glamorous ray of light in an austerity-ridden land. Her fresh beauty, her vivacious gaiety and quips, give her father's subjects something to delight in as they queue up to get their food rations.

For example, when her sister Elizabeth gave birth to her first-born, Margaret was ready with one of the gags which the public likes to repeat. The news was telephoned to the Princess, who was staying at the estate of the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough.

"They've named him Charles," Margaret announced. "I suppose that makes me 'Charley's Aunt.' "

Unlike many other noted figures, Margaret does not require press agents to help her capture popular imagination. She turns the trick by herself, without even trying. It's quite a trick, too, since the British people are traditionalists (despite their current detour into Socialism). If she were merely a cutup, as she sometimes is inaccurately pictured, they wouldn't feel as warmly toward her as they do. The truth is that Margaret is able to behave naturally without overstepping the rigid rules set for royalty. It is a rare thing, this talent of hers, composed in equal parts of good spirits, good taste, and good sense. Because of this intangible quality, her fellow countrymen consider her as being one of them.

They point, for instance, to the way she acted on her first really big assignment as a representative of the throne—the launching of the liner *Edinburgh Castle* at Belfast. In the circumstances, many a teen-age girl would have been stiff with stage fright. But Margaret showed a combination of native impulsiveness and true royal self-possession. When the youngest shipyard apprentice presented her with a bouquet, she broke off a flower and tucked it debonairly in his buttonhole. The huge crowd clapped in delight.

Even more revealing are her "un-

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official" public appearances. Not long ago, a Mr. Alfred Halt of London was sitting in a 12-shilling seat at the Victoria Palace theater, laughing heartily at "The Crazy Gang" (Britain's counterpart of Olsen and Johnson). The girl in the next seat, one of a party of four who had squeezed past as the curtain was rising, seemed to be enjoying the zany antics, too. When the lights went up, he turned to her to say, as one theatergoer to another, "Priceless, what?"

He opened his mouth, but no words came out. The girl was Princess Margaret.

Because she often goes to places like theaters and night clubs, lots of London people have taken to learning about correct behavior toward royalty. Nowadays British social arbiters are being asked such questions as, "When the girl sitting next to you turns out to be the Princess, what do you do—stand and bow, or curtsy?" The answer: "Nothing—just carry on."

MARGARET GOES OUT about twice a week, to dinner, a movie, a theater or a night club, always in a party of at least four, more often of six or eight, in keeping with the requirement that unmarried royal females must be chaperoned. Her lady-in-waiting, Jennifer Bevan, a pretty girl of about her age, invariably makes one of the group. But as for her other companions, these occasions are in no sense "command performances" or prepared for in advance.

For example, in the case of the visit to the Victoria Palace, her host, the youthful Marquess of Blandford, simply reserved four seats without revealing that one was for the Princess.

However, "dating" Margaret is not a simple affair. Only about half a dozen men know her well enough to telephone Buckingham Palace and invite her out, and even these have to follow a set procedure. First, they must be on the list of persons from whom the Palace switchboard accepts direct calls to her apartment. Less-well-acquainted escorts must issue invitations in writing or through a close friend.

Margaret is called for at her palace apartment, the caller being taken to the second floor in an elevator and led down a long corridor by a footman. When she enters the room, he bows and in his first words must address her as "Your Royal Highness." Later, he may call her "Ma'am."

During an evening of dancing she usually has a glass of sherry before dinner and afterwards perhaps two glasses of pink champagne. She smokes moderately—Turkish and American brands—and uses a gold-tipped holder.

People who see her in a night club often get the impression she is without a bodyguard. Actually, Sergeant Ashbrook of Scotland Yard is always in the background, dressed to match the function his charge is attending.

Thus, on a visit to a theater or night club, he sits near-by, wearing a dinner jacket; at an art gallery, he is correctly garbed in lounge suit; at Ascot, in morning coat and striped trousers. If the affair is a private party, he will wait outside in the royal limousine.

In all her life, Margaret has appeared in public incognito only

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once—on VE Day in 1945, when all London was celebrating. Her father agreed to let her and Princess Elizabeth mingle with the crowds outside Buckingham Palace. Starting off with four attendants and two detectives, they soon lost the former and joined in the crowd's shouts for the King and Queen.

"It was wonderful!" Margaret recalls. "Everybody was knocking everybody else's hats off, so we knocked off a few, too. I never had such a marvelous evening!"

Last November, after slender Alicia Markova had woven her ballet magic on the London stage, the Princess impulsively grasped the hand of the veteran ballerina and said: "I think you look beautiful!" This is not an adjective generally applied to the great dancer, and is another sign of the warmhearted girl beneath the royal coat-of-arms.

THE EVENTUAL MARRIAGE of Margaret is, of course, a matter of such interest to Britain that her romantic inclinations are constantly speculated on. The 25-year-old Marquess of Blandford (a cousin of Winston Churchill, whom he resembles) is one of a considerable list of "prospects" put forward by the press. But it can be stated confidently that the Princess has not yet chosen a prospective bridegroom.

When she does select a husband, the procedure will be far more complex than a simple proposal and acceptance. First, she will have to obtain, under English law, the Sovereign's consent. If a commoner should be her choice, and if he should lack a title, he would be created a Duke. But under the ancient Bill of Rights, Margaret cannot wed anyone of the Roman Catholic faith.

After the King has privately given his consent, he will then announce it officially before the Privy Council, and the announcement will be published in the official Court Circular of the London *Times* and London *Telegraph*.

One item connected with Margaret's marriage has already been arranged. When Princess Elizabeth became engaged to Prince Philip, now the Duke of Edinburgh, the people of Wales presented her with a piece of the gold found in small quantities in their country. By tradition, royal wedding rings are always made of Welsh gold. Elizabeth was delighted to find that enough of the precious metal had been sent to make two rings.

"Good," she said, "we can save some for Margaret."

Although Margaret's "stepping out" has been widely publicized, actually it is much less frequent than supposed. Usually she and her parents spend a fireside evening until bedtime, between 11 P.M. and midnight. Canasta is currently popular with them, or they may read, listen to the radio, or watch television.

Often Margaret undertakes to entertain the King and Queen with a music recital. The program, depending on her mercurial mood, may be Bach or boogie-woogie. It has been said that the entertainment world lost a star when she was born a princess. Her ear is so receptive that she can go from a musical show to her piano and rattle off the score from memory.

She first showed promise of becoming a celebrity when, at the

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age of 11 months, she hummed the *Merry Widow Waltz*. Her Grandmother Strathmore, who was carrying the child in her arms at the time, was so surprised that she nearly dropped her precious burden.

Margaret is also an expert dancer. Currently her favorites are the samba and rumba, but she is equally proficient at ancient Scottish country dances.

An excellent storyteller, sparkling with wit, she often regales the King and Queen with anecdotes of her excursions into London's night life. She acts as their "play scout." At the moment her favorite movie actors include Laurence Olivier, Alec Guinness, Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope. Once she told her parents, "You simply *must* see Danny Kaye. He's priceless!"

Everything Margaret does, of course, is modified by her position, but within these limits she has managed to be warmer and more human than nearly any princess in generations. She is a lovely thing to watch on a dance floor, tiny, graceful, glittering, and she has a fetching sense of humor. Once, when she was dancing with the young Earl of Dalkeith, she glanced up at him and grinned: "Johnny, do you realize you are looking into the most beautiful eyes in England?"

Dalkeith goggled.

"That is, if you believe what you read in the newspapers!" she added.

Margaret's private life is passed principally in three homes: Buckingham Palace, where she has a parlor-bedroom-bath apartment; Balmoral, the Royal Family's Scottish summer castle, where they spend two months every year; and the Royal Lodge at Windsor, an hour's drive from London, where they usually repair for week ends.

Of the three, Margaret's favorite is Balmoral. Usually her birthday is celebrated there—during the day by a picnic in the heather hills and at night by a dance. Moreover, at Balmoral she is allowed to drive one of the royal cars. She learned to drive, under sister Elizabeth's tutelage, when she was 17, and duly took her test, like any other citizen, in Aberdeen.

In London's streets, a traffic hazard would occur if the pretty Princess were seen at the wheel. Margaret submits to this, but on at least one occasion the urge was too strong to resist. While being driven in the King's Daimler to spend a week end in the country, she changed seats with the chauffeur and drove the rest of the way. When they reached their destination, the hostess' footman opened the rear door with a flourish—and out stepped the maid and chauffeur.

At Balmoral, informal routine gives welcome relief from the stringent requirements of the London Court. Day in and day out, Margaret wears a Royal Stewart tartan skirt, tweed jacket, sweater, scarf, and thick-soled brogues. Elsewhere, her wardrobe problems are incredibly complex.

For example, she has to contrive to dress distinctively enough to be identified by distant spectators at any function where she officiates. This is not a matter of vanity but part of the royal duty to the King's subjects. As a consequence, she is limited in her choice of hats for public appearances to those which do not hide her face. Margaret is no lover of hats, yet tradition makes

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them a "must." As a court official points out: "If she ever became known as 'The Hatless Princess,' the fad would damage the business of hatmakers all over the world."

Consideration of the "effect on trade" must enter into Margaret's choice of all clothing. On one public appearance, she wore ankle-strap shoes and promptly revived a lagging vogue for them. Similarly, photographs of her Italian trip, published all over the world, created a new popularity for choker necklaces and white accessories.

Another practical consideration guides her dressing. Her clothes must be designed to remain presentable, despite the rigors of royal "jobs"—long drives in automobiles with no time to change, hours in the open air in all kinds of weather. Two arrangements help to keep her looking immaculate—extra shoes and gloves are taken along in the car, and the limousine windows are rarely opened.

UNTIL SHE WAS past 16, Margaret had few clothes of her own. For reasons of thrift (and later of wartime economy), she mostly wore her elder sister's hand-me-downs. The Royal Tour of South Africa marked Margaret's "coming of age." That was when she started to use makeup and have clothes all her own.

Nowadays, twice a year, she and the Queen go over her wardrobe, deciding which items should be donated to rummage sales (after identifying marks have been removed), which can still be worn "at home," which can be given a new lease on life by alteration, and finally, what new clothes are needed.

The next step is a telephone call to Norman Hartnell, the royal designer, for sketches of the clothes the Queen and Margaret have decided upon. The designs, however, are by no means final. Often the sketches are returned with considerable revision by the Princess herself.

"I have difficulty," says Hartnell, "getting bows past Her Royal Highness. More and more she demands simplicity, without fuss of any kind."

These simple tastes are particularly noticeable in her jewelry. She wears no rings or earrings, and her favorite necklaces are a simple two-strand string of pearls for day wear, a five-strand rope for evening. For State reasons, she owns two lightweight jeweled tiaras, which repose most of the time in a safe at Buckingham Palace. Her furs comprise a summer ermine coat, an ermine wrap, and a moleskin jacket for "everyday" wear.

Margaret's final clothing problem is one she shares with all small girls. Barely five feet one, she adds height in two ways: by wearing fairly high heels (2¾ inches) and, more subtly, by insisting that most of her clothes fall in an unbroken line from waist to hem.

Her wardrobe is taken care of by a personal maid, Ruby MacDonald, sister of Elizabeth's maid, "Bobo." Ruby calls her mistress at 8 A.M. and lays out clothes for the day. Margaret breakfasts alone, reads the newspapers, and at 9:30 is ready to begin her day's work with Jennifer Bevan.

Miss Bevan, who went to school in Boston during the war, is both secretary and companion to Margaret. Together they go over the 25 or 30 letters which the Princess

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receives every day. Also, there will be reports from organizations of which Margaret is honorary president—Dr. Bernardo Homes for orphans and destitute children, the Scottish Children's League, the Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service, and others.

Captain Dawnay, the Queen's secretary, next consults with her on the day's engagements. If a speech is to be made, he will have drafted an outline, but Margaret does not allow anyone to put words in her mouth. She goes over the speech and uses her own language.

If there is time before lunch, she sometimes goes shopping with the Queen to Harrods, London's big department store, for gifts or small items. With Jennifer, she then may visit the H.M.V. record store for the newest releases. She has a large record collection, ranging from the classics to current hits like *Call Me Madam* and *Kiss Me Kate.*

When her purchases are paid for personally, the checks are signed only "Margaret."

The afternoon is likely to be spent in pursuits which might seem boring to many young society ladies. As a postgraduate course in the education of a princess, she pays visits, announced only by a telephone call a few hours in advance, to such places as Scotland Yard, the grim Old Bailey criminal court, juvenile courts, hospitals, and power stations. Also, she is a periodic visitor to the House of Commons, where she listens intently to debates.

On Sundays, she attends divine service with her mother and father. Even on her recent trip to Italy, she held to her churchgoing schedule—except the Sunday when she spied *H.M.S. Vanguard* off the Lido coast. It was the battleship on which she had voyaged to Africa, and she paid it a surprise visit, attending services under the quarterdeck awning.

NOW THAT MARGARET is grown up —she will be 21 on August 21 —she is helping her father with some of the arduous royal duties. When she comes of age, she will be paid a "salary" by the government, about $18,000 a year, more than half of which will go for taxes. But the English know that she will more than earn her income. At the moment, her calendar of public duties is filled for six months ahead.

The demand for appearances of the Princess at home is matched by invitations from abroad. Her fabulous popularity was emphasized on her European trip in 1949, and police had to link hands around her table at a ball in Rome to keep ardent Italians from flinging themselves at her feet.

Margaret has remarked ruefully that she "has to travel like royalty" no matter where she goes. She would love to wander out on unescorted expeditions. But this is impossible. Every detail of her trips is arranged in advance. On her Italian jaunt, as a matter of course, she took only the currency allowance granted any Briton, and all she could afford to bring back as souvenirs were a large straw hat and two handbags.

Her next official trip will be to Australia with the King and Queen in 1952. But she may visit Greece in the near future. She would also like to visit Sharman Douglas, daughter of former Ambassador Lewis Douglas, in the United States.

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Sharman was one of the can-can dancers with Margaret at a party two years ago which got more newspaper space for its "daring" than it deserved. Actually, it was a costume party, and the dancers, Margaret included, wore so many protective petticoats that they could hardly have done the traditional high kicks.

The mere whisper, always recurrent, that she may visit the U. S. brings inquiries from scores of hostesses to the American Embassy in London. It is not likely that these trips will result in any new romantic interests. But they may, perhaps, help the Princess—if absence makes the heart grow fonder—make up her mind about the men she already knows—Julian Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland; Peter Ward, son of the Earl of Dudley; Tom Egerton, wealthy young gentleman farmer; and a few more. On the other hand, who can tell?

Nothing like Princess Margaret has ever happened before to Britain, to its ancient monarchial institutions, and to all the people of the world who cherish a romantic belief in fairy princesses. Basically, she is as dedicated a royal personage as was her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria. But she has achieved an infusion of warm humanity into the formal, somewhat aloof function of royalty. As an Oxford professor declared after making a study of the Princess:

"Nothing could be more distorted than a picture of her as a spoiled child, headstrong and tempestuous . . . When she is seen taking the lead in the ballroom or on the race course, she is properly asserting the rights of all the young people of her age to a fair share of youthful joy."

Or perhaps the King himself put it best of all when he remarked: "Margaret could charm the pearl out of an oyster!"

Bathing Briefs

The man who used to wear both belt and suspenders now has a daughter who wears nothing else and calls them her swim suit.
—*McCall Spirit*

Those handkerchief suits the gals are wearing on the beach these days are nothing to be sneezed at. —Herb Stein

Today's bathing suit can probably be best described as what a girl wears to umphasize her curves.

Nowadays, when a man discovers his wife sewing on tiny garments, his reaction is: "My gosh! You're not going to wear *that* on the beach!" —Andrew Meredith

Today it is not gossip but a bathing suit that reveals the family skeleton. —*Wall Street Journal*

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THE YOUNG MAN took the gorgeous blonde home from the dance. "I'd like to see more of you," he whispered tensely.

"You can," she promised. "I'm going swimming tomorrow."

—SUZANNE DENIM

AN IRATE WIFE, seeking a divorce, told the judge, "My husband is an out-and-out loafer who thinks of nothing day and night but horse racing. He doesn't even remember our wedding day."

"That's a lie," shouted the outraged husband. "We were married the day Twenty Grand won the Wood Memorial!" —IRVING HOFFMAN

"HAVE YOU ANYTHING to declare?" the customs inspector asked the pert young thing in the jaunty hat and flaring topcoat.

"Nothing," she said.

After looking her over speculatively, he told her to turn around.

"You're *sure* you have nothing to declare, miss?" he said again.

"Nothing," she repeated, smiling coyly at him over her shoulder.

"Then I am to assume that the fur tail hanging down from under your coat is your own?"

—MYRTLE KEY MASON

ON THEIR weekly drive into the country, the couple argued about which hamburger stand to patronize, which road to take, whether or not to buy fresh vegetables at a roadside stand, and topped it off with a rousing quarrel over the way the husband kept passing other cars on curves.

Finally, at dusk, they stopped in front of their own little suburban garage and the husband said wearily, "Aren't we the patriotic ones, darling? Whether or not there's a war on, every Sunday we go on a scrap drive!"

TWO WOMEN chattered pleasantly as they started off on a shopping tour one afternoon.

"That new neighbor of yours," said one, "she's something of a gossip, isn't she?"

"I wouldn't really like to say," replied the other woman, "but I know when she came back from the beach the other day, her tongue was sunburned." —*Wall Street Journal*

A STOUT GENTLEMAN went to a health farm determined to lose weight. The morning of his arrival, he visited the village store and selected a pair of overalls big enough to give complete freedom of action during the most rigorous exercise.

"Wait a second," he exclaimed as the clerk was wrapping the package. "I'll be losing a lot of weight while I'm here. Perhaps I'd better have a smaller pair."

"Don't worry about that, mister," said the clerk, going right on with

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his wrapping. "If you shrink as fast as these overalls will, you'll be doing all right." —Ann B. Caesar

A MEEK-LOOKING MAN in the art gallery was gazing rapturously at an oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for, autumn?" —*Cape Argus*

ONE GRAY, murky afternoon, Bobby Feller's speedball was blazing hot against the New York Yankees. Batter after batter struck out. In a late inning, Lefty Gomez, a great pitcher in his own right but a notoriously weak hitter, came to bat. By that time it was so dark that Feller's fast ball was just a blur as it sped to the plate.

As Gomez stepped into the box, he took a match from his pocket, lit it, and held it over his head.

"Cut out that comedy, you clown!" snarled the umpire. "Think this is going to help you see Feller's fast one?"

"Who wants to see his fast one?" flipped back the witty Gomez. "I just want to make sure that Feller sees me." —Kent Ruth

A WOMAN, trying on a swim suit in a Milwaukee store, had been in the dressing room for an unusually long time. Finally the saleslgirl decided to take a peek.

The customer was lying sprawled on the floor. Hearing the clerk gasp, the customer rolled over and smiled. "It's all right," she said. "I'm just trying to see how it will fit when I'm lying on the sand." —Milwaukee *Journal*

TENDERLY he gathered her into his arms and whispered, "Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart." She relaxed in his arms, but the tears flowed on.

Breathlessly he asked, "Can't anything stop them?"

"I'm afraid not," she murmured. "It's hay fever . . . but you can continue the treatment." —Neal O'Hara (*McNaught Syndicate Inc.*)

"HOW LONG has your wife been away?" the barber asked a bit wistfully. The veteran summer widower answered: "Oh, about two sets of dishes." —Sally Brossard

"LARRY, DEAR," inquired the wife, "why didn't you fix my electric mixer as I asked you to, instead of taking it to the shop?"

"Listen, honey," explained the astute man, "if I fixed any of your appliances you'd tell the neighbors, our phone would start ringing, my Saturdays and evenings would be ruined, and I wouldn't see a ball game all summer." —*Christian Science Monitor*

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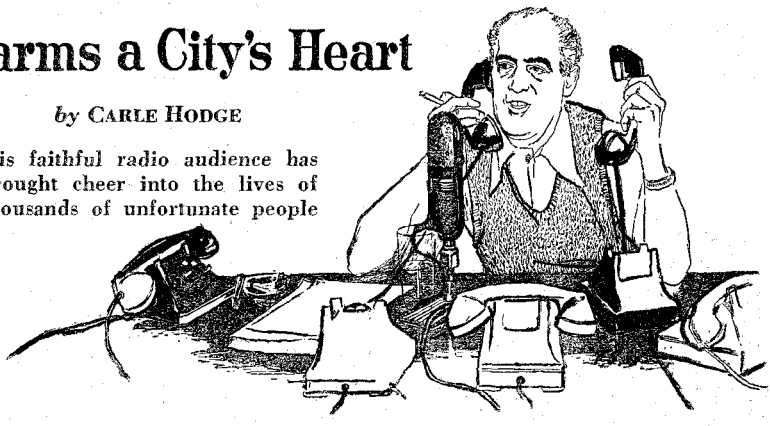
"BIG JOE" Warms a City's Heart

by CARLE HODGE

His faithful radio audience has brought cheer into the lives of thousands of unfortunate people



A STUBBY SAMARITAN of the air waves has shattered the old myth that New York is a town with a slab of cold concrete for a heart. It wasn't hard for Big Joe. He simply preaches, and practices, that the shortest cut to happiness lies in helping others.

At 1 A.M., six nights a week, he conducts a two-hour radio program called "The Happiness Exchange" over Manhattan station WINS. Radiating optimism and good will with every staccato sentence, Big Joe combines news items, chitchat, and terse but thorny quizzes with down-to-earth neighborliness. He asks his listeners to help people less fortunate than themselves, or to telephone if they are troubled.

His listeners (called "cousins") have gladly made themselves their brothers' keepers. One of them, a plump Manhattan housewife, hailed a cab far uptown one morning. It was 2 o'clock, and even the neon giants on Times Square had blinked off to sleep. She clambered in with a sackful of canned goods and gave the address of WINS. "Going on a picnic?" the driver grinned.

Cheerily, the woman explained that she was taking the food to a penniless widow whose plight she had heard about on "Happiness Exchange." When the taxi halted in front of the station, she reached for her purse. But the cabbie shook his head. "Forget it, lady. If you can do this for somebody you've never seen . . . well, you don't owe me anything!"

Such outbreaks of contagious good will are routine to Happiness Exchangers. In the two years since Big Joe took to the air in New York, they have passed along for the needy some 3,000 pairs of crutches, 179 hearing aids, and hundreds of radios for shut-ins. They have given tens of thousands of dollars in cash, as well as guide dogs for the blind. They have distributed more than 200 wheel chairs—six of which went to paraplegic Brooklyn boys who wanted to form a chair-borne basketball team.

Every night but Sunday, Joe Ro-

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senfield, Jr., a balding, 50-year-old Tennessean, hangs his coat on a studio peg, slouches amiably to the microphone and, chain-smoking, begins his scriptless chores. "Have no fear, Big Joe is here," he drawls in a heavy Southern accent. "I don't want to be rich. I don't want to be good-lookin' . . . All I want to be is happy!"

Through a lineup of six telephones come pleas for aid and, just as quickly, offers of assistance. A tenement family, faced with eviction, needs $30 to pay its rent. The amount is quickly subscribed by the listening audience. Money is collected to speed drugs to a hospital near Athens, Greece. A trainman brings into the studio a family of nine he found living in Pennsylvania Station.

Joe's audience is as checkered as the city itself. Late workers in night clubs and hamburger stands dial him. So do the forsaken and the unfortunate. Celebrated writers, artists, and show people listen, and an aged millionairess goes to bed early so she can be awakened at one o'clock to hear Joe.

But the most zealous Happiness Exchangers are its 32 "Helping Hands." They investigate cases and aid in delivering contributions. Off-duty policemen, housewives, a pier guard, and three Social Registerites are among them, and all work simply for the joy of helping. There are doctors, dentists, and lawyers who handle without charge cases which Joe sends to them. The Exchange's volunteer bookkeeper, a retired businessman, keeps careful tab on each gift.

Ironically, the man who inspires a chain-reaction of brotherly love lived for much of his life as what he now calls "a first-rate heel." For three decades, Joe Rosenfield, owner of five New Orleans bars, was a hard-drinking newspaperman. That he conquered alcoholism was due to the monumental patience of his wife—the former Dollie Mitchell, whom he married when both were very young—and to Alcoholics Anonymous.

In 1947, Joe and his son, Kip (born Joe Rosenfield, 3rd), ardent record collector, decided to start a father-and-son radio show. Joe proposed to New Orleans station WNOE that he and Kip take over the midnight-to-6-A.M. stretch, a time in which the station had previously been off the air. WNOE, which had little to lose, agreed.

At first, "The Two Joes" was nothing more than a disc-jockey show. Then one morning Big Joe noted that the Friendship Train, traveling about America picking up gifts for the French, was by-passing his city. On impulse, he clucked over the air: "Well, how do you all like that? Skipping New Orleans!" He suggested that New Orleans load a Friendship Ship for old Orleans in France.

The way his plan pyramided was astounding. New Orleanians filled his ship—with medicine, clothes, 50 head of cattle, and 500,000 pounds of food—and he and Dollie sailed ahead to supervise its unloading in Europe. If people were so willing to help unfortunates abroad, Joe asked, wouldn't they be even more anxious to aid their own neighbors? When he returned from France, he and Kip turned their show into "The Happiness Exchange."

After two years, the Exchange

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had boomed into such a gusher of good deeds on the Gulf that Rosenfield wanted to try it on New York. He figured he could assist "14 times as many people" in "the loneliest city in the world."

In May, 1949, three nights after his Dixie drawl began crackling over the Yankee air, Rosenfield raised enough money to buy a wheel chair for a 72-year-old cripple. He has been at it ever since.

Over Station WOR and later on WINS, he has talked especially hard for the blind and for hospitalized veterans. He harvested for bedfast ex-GIs almost 200,000 books, as many decks of cards, 22,000 golf balls and, for the stamp collectors among them, more than 20,000,000 foreign postage stamps.

Among the blind, the Exchange distributes 20 Braille alarm clocks each year. The timepieces are bought from the interest on bonds contributed by a prosperous Georgia manufacturer who is himself sightless. Joe has helped the Fight for Sight raise $50,000, and when burglars broke into a tiny broom factory run by a struggling blind couple, his listeners replaced the stolen equipment.

To get even his usual six-hour sleep at the hotel apartment where he and Dollie live (their children, Kip, now 26, and 23-year-old Dorothy work for the U. S. Army in Vienna) he must shut off his persistent phone.

One man he has befriended, Father Alexander Tzuglevich, a Greek Orthodox priest who has eked out a refuge on New York's East Side for displaced persons of all nationalities and religions, is fond of saying that "Big Joe is a messenger of God."

Joe is quick to laugh off any such notions of supernatural appointment. To remind his followers—and himself—that Rosenfield is a very ordinary person, he regularly berates and pokes fun at himself on the program.

"Anyway," he chuckles, "it isn't me that does all this. It's the listeners. They deserve all the credit."

On Office Time

A QUICK-THINKING employee came up with a new alibi when his department head said, "How come you're sleeping on the job?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed the employee. "Can't a man close his eyes around here for a minute of prayer?" —*Pipe Dreams*

"DO YOU HAVE any questions you would like to ask about our company?" suggested the genial personnel director.

"Well, yes," replied the young man who was rather too farsighted. "You say you have 43 stenographers. Do you take up office collections every time an employee gets married?" —*Christian Science Monitor*

A MAN HAS BECOME an executive when he can hand back a letter for a third typing to a redheaded secretary. —*Philnews*

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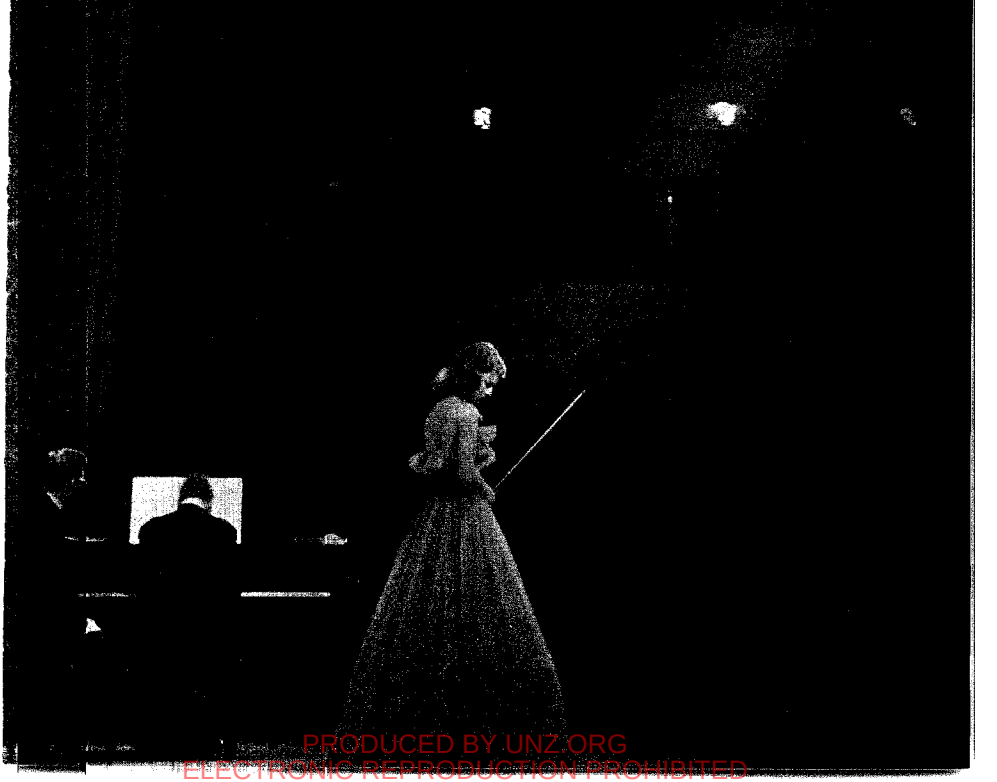
Picture Story

Beauty and Genius

Photographs by MARTHA HOLMES

A SLENDER GIRL in a white dress walked into the spotlight of the concert stage. The audience stirred: there was a radiance about her, a buoyant beauty that warmed the whole auditorium. Then, bowing her head, the girl began to play. Listeners who had never heard her name thrilled to the artistry of her violin; music critics applauded the sureness of her technique. In the concert heavens, a bright young star had been born. Her name is Jeanne Mitchell, and this is her story.



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Born in Wilmington, N. C., Jeanne Mitchell came to New York as a baby. She lives in her parents' five-room apartment in upper Manhattan but practices in her own small studio near-by. There, she is capable of long hours of intense concentration.

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Jeanne's mother is a talented violinist. Her doctor-brother belongs to a chamber-music group. "Dad has a good ear."

After 13 years, Chester LaFollette is still her only teacher. "He and his wife more than taught me; they understood me."

NEARLY EVERYONE in Floral Park, N. Y., knew little Jeannie Mitchell. At five, she was a tomboy who used to tag after her older brother and play baseball with his friends—when they let her.

But in those free and faraway years, something happened to little Jeannie Mitchell. She would watch her mother playing the violin by an open window and, in the manner of a child, saw herself playing. Even to the child's mind, the haunting beauty of the music and the look of peace on her mother's face went together. Later, she would rationalize it this way: "There's a parallel between living beautifully and playing beautifully."

So it was that Jeanne Mitchell took her first faltering steps toward a career as full of "floor-scrubbing labor" as any in the world. The days when Americans seriously regarded only those concert artists born in Vienna or Budapest were fading. A girl from Floral Park *could* make her mark as a violinist—but only if, besides talent, she had such fierce determination that no discouragement could thwart her.

One Saturday afternoon, Jeanne's friends and relatives crowded into a small studio to listen to the ten-year-old's first concert.

"I was not a child prodigy. But my teacher, Mr. LaFollette, said I'd never play well until I played easily for an audience."

She had composed five pieces which her teacher said she might use for encores. The concert having ended with applause from the partisan audience, the child stepped

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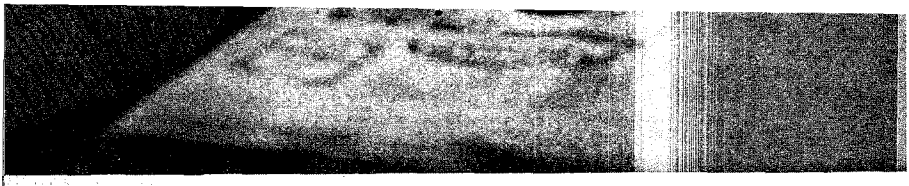

For Jeanne, the feel of clay is akin to the feel of her violin. "It's the joy of creation." She has been working on a bust of her father almost since she began sculpturing, but never expects to finish it because she is too critical of her own efforts.

briskly forward and announced: "I will now play five encores."

One summer Jeanne tried to fly a kite. "When I couldn't even get it into the air, I knew that I was growing up."

The thin body had become tall and lithe. Blue eyes laughed when she spoke, and her fresh beauty responded to all the fullness and wonder of life at 17. She won a scholarship to Barnard, and those college years were the incubation period of the concert artist. Slowly she began bridging the gap between a talented youngster and a serious violinist. She practiced four, sometimes six, hours a day—every day. There was no other way: neither critics nor audience would be charmed by beauty, by graciousness—by anything but ability. She began to play small professional concerts.

But only when she cradled a vio-

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Whenever she can, Jeanne likes to be with "the young in heart. Sometimes we do crazy things and that helps to keep my sense of perspective lined up." Here, at the home of a friend, she engages in the classical equivalent of a jam session.

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Stephen Simon is one of Mrs. LaFollette's pupils, and he and Jeanne often engage in impromptu duets. His parents have become Jeanne's dear friends, and it was they who furnished the money to meet the expenses of her Carnegie Hall concerts.

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She is a frequent visitor to the workshop of Emil Herrmann, prominent dealer in rare violins. For her concerts, Herrmann lends Jeanne a Guarneri del Gesu violin worth $30,000, kept in top shape by violin maker Simone Sacconi (*above*).

lin in her arms was Jeanne Mitchell anything but a college coed. She liked to dance with undergraduates from near-by Columbia. She won an athletic letter for swimming.

"If your life is one-sided, your art suffers. I was lucky to be encouraged, not pushed."

Once, when she went out with a young man who had heard that she played the violin, he told her pontifically: "That's a nice hobby for a girl." Years later, this same young man read her Carnegie Hall reviews and sent her a bouquet of flowers with this note: "That's what I like—a girl who takes her hobby seriously."

And then one day LaFollette said she was ready. She would make her debut in Town Hall in New York.

Late that night, the violinist, the teacher, the mother, and the father were still up, waiting for the morn-

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ing papers. With pounding hearts they read the all-important reviews. This is what they read:

"Jeanne Mitchell, young American violinist, in her debut yesterday afternoon made a distinct impression both as regards her native talent and technical skill."

"One of the most promising debuts of the musical season . . ."

"Playing with commendable clarity, she moved her audience to enthusiastic applause."

The teacher nodded with agreement and pride. The mother wept a little. And Jeanne Mitchell, American violinist, permitted herself the luxury of a small smile.

Other concerts followed: Carnegie Hall, Lewisohn Stadium, nation-wide tours. The praise grew

Jeanne triumphed on Kate Smith's program, too. After she missed the second show, she was invited back a third time.

She does most of her practicing—still four hours a day—and concertizing from a repertoire of 14 concertos. Her favorites are Brahms and Prokofieff. Once, at Carnegie Hall, she played an original composition which was very well received.

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Jeanne and her date stop for a root beer and make friends with the drugstore tomcat. Jeanne has no patience with men who "regard me as a remote genius. That sort of thing hurts you both as a person and, in the long run, as an artist."

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stronger, the bravos louder. Jeanne Mitchell was on her way.

And though she grew lovelier (a fact even staid music critics were forced to notice), she retained the easy humor and spontaneity of the girl who tried to fly a kite at 17. She loves to walk among crisp autumn leaves, to dance and swim—and to go out with young men. That part is difficult, though.

"When you're just beginning a career, your life isn't all yours. I specialize in the understanding type of man—the kind who won't be angry if I have to break a date to practice or play a recital."

Jeanne's violin is almost always by her side. Even when she can't get to her studio, she tries to steal an hour or so to practice, no matter where she is.

"If you know anyone who has gained a foothold in a career as full of competitive stumbling blocks as this one, you know two things about them: they've had infinite help and understanding; they've worked like the devil."

Once, when a railroad tie-up prevented her from appearing on Kate Smith's television show, she worried—not about the missed program, but about not being able to practice. Finally, she went into the ladies' room and for four hours passengers were soothed by an impromptu violin performance.

Of her future, Jeanne speaks with a cautious optimism. "Of course, I'd like to get married some day. You know"—and here she smiles—"it's nicer to have a boy whisper that he thinks you're pretty than to have a music critic print it. But music is part of me. If I do have any promise, I've got to fulfill it."

She is used to wisecracks like, "Play us a tune, honey." Once, in Central Park, she complied, and got warm applause.

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The night before Jeanne's first appearance at Carnegie Hall, she and her father stood in the street and stared at the poster with her name and picture on it. Next day, the audience and the critics endorsed her music, and Jeanne was invited back.

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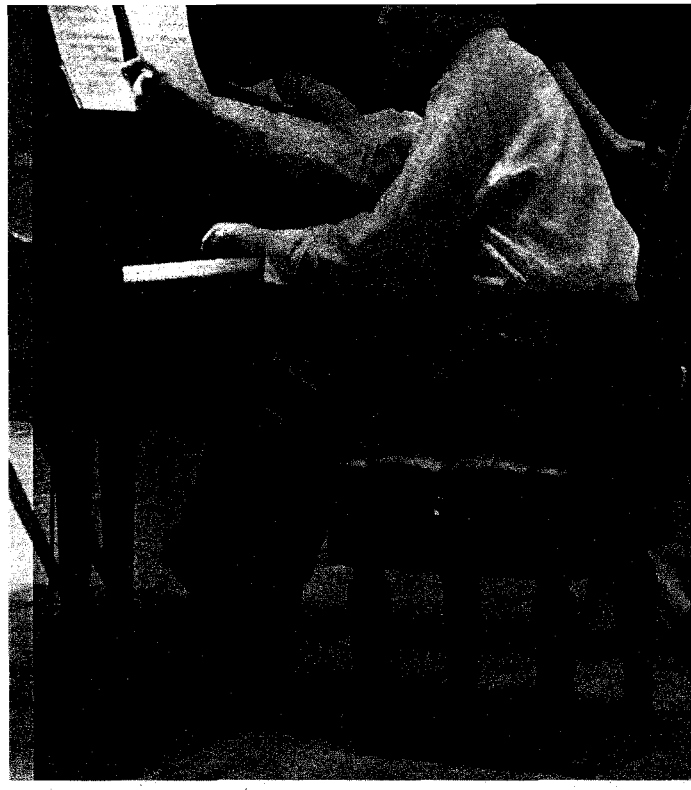

ɔncert, Jeanne rehearses with her accompanist, Hellmut Baerwald, on
ıe concert hall. At one of her childhood concerts, she began to play
to the audience. The accompanist had to turn the little girl around.

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After the Carnegie Hall recital, Jeanne signs the autograph books of two of her young friends and admirers. They were so thrilled by Jeanne's great concert success that they practiced their instruments without complaint for more than a week.

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That night, Chester LaFollette and his wife, having realized a dream, gave a small party for Jeanne and her friends. Jeanne told them: "If I have succeeded at all, it's because many people have put time, understanding, and effort into that success."

In the early morning, Jeanne and her friends sat in Lindy's restaurant and read the reviews of the music critics. Like the first ones, and all the rest since, they greeted her performance with genuine enthusiasm. All agreed that a star was in the making.

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ınce, your music must express
Mitchell. "It's a life's work to
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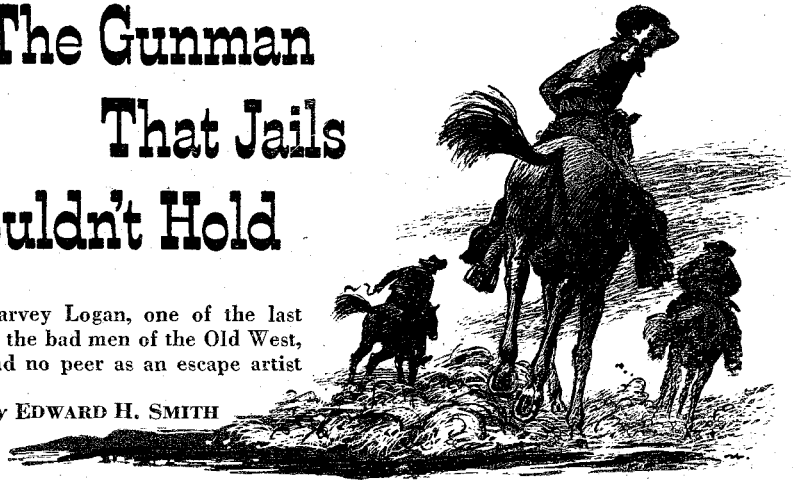
The Gunman That Jails Couldn't Hold



Harvey Logan, one of the last of the bad men of the Old West, had no peer as an escape artist

by EDWARD H. SMITH

FIFTY YEARS AGO, every newspaper reader knew the name of Harvey Logan. This cowpuncher bandit, one of the last of the Western bad men, had committed an almost-incredible list of crimes, had defied the whole police power of the country, and had aroused the kind of public admiration that turns criminals into idols.

But Logan belongs, also, to the select list of escapers. His break from jail at Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1903, a few hours before officers were ready to take him to prison for life, ranks with the most remarkable getaways in history.

Harvey was a direct heir of the Jesse James tradition. He was born in Missouri, not far from the haunts of that earlier bandit. By the time he was 20 the land of the bad men had already retreated far west. First, he went out to Dodge City and became a cowboy. Then he drifted into Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle.

In 1894, Logan and his friends were punching cattle in Montana, near the town of Landusky, named after Pike Landusky, a wealthy cattleman. On Christmas Day, a number of the cowboys, among them Logan, rode into the place in good Western fashion, horses in a lather, revolvers popping at every stride.

The townsmen stayed indoors, while the riders went to a saloon. Then some joker insisted on getting Landusky and making him apologize for the town's lack of hospitality. The gang set out to bring the cattleman from his home. He resisted, and there were shots. Landusky fell dead, and it was said Logan had shot him.

The cowboys rode out of town, a posse behind, but the quarry got away. Presently notices were posted, offering a reward for Logan and his crowd, dead or alive. The cowpunchers retreated to the Hole in the Wall country, an inaccessible mountain region. They were hunted men now—outlaws.

To make their living, they issued

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from their lair at intervals and preyed on accessible towns. They held up trains, robbed the mails and express safes, waylaid travelers, and finally began sticking up banks. It was all easy, for when danger threatened, the gang simply retreated into the wild mountains, where the boldest officer of the law dared not follow.

In 1897, Logan made a miscalculation. The gang rode into the town of Belle Fourche, South Dakota, and robbed the bank. In the pursuit that followed, Logan was captured. A few days later he was led into the stout jail at Deadwood, a town whose name still conjures up memories of the wildest West.

In October, just before his trial, Logan cut his cell bars with saws provided by confederates outside, got to a horse, rejoined his comrades, and rode back to the Hole in the Wall, leaving the Far West in a lather of excitement—half indignation and half applause.

NOW THE DEPREDATIONS of the gang increased. Railroad trains, small-town banks, and express offices were robbed in rapid succession. This warfare continued until 1901, when Logan and several followers held up a train at Wagner, Montana, escaping with $45,000 in unsigned bank notes from Washington. When Logan heard that the Pinkertons were going to invade his retreat, and that they were to be reinforced by State militia, he and the outlaws scattered.

In October, a woman who had attached herself to the gang was caught in Nashville, carrying some of the stolen notes. Logan had been with her, but managed to flee just as the officers came. Then, on December 12, a stranger got into a fight in a Knoxville saloon.

Police were called and two were shot by this furious combatant, who next held up the saloonkeeper, backed out of the building, and leaped over a fence to seeming freedom. But he didn't know that just beyond that fence was a railroad cut 30 feet deep.

Two days later the wanted stranger was peaceably arrested: he had been so badly bruised in the fall that he had been unable to travel. Knoxville awoke to find itself the center of national attention, for the Pinkertons had identified the prisoner as Logan.

Not only were all visitors to Logan quizzed and searched, but everything that was sent him from outside was examined. Finally, to make escape impossible, a special armed guard was placed before the cell day and night.

Logan was brought to trial and sentenced to 130 years in prison on ten counts. Then he took an appeal and was returned to Knoxville jail to await the outcome. Now he began to plan escape in earnest, under circumstances that must have left the ordinary man no glint of hope.

Confederates on the outside vainly tried to corrupt the keepers who watched Logan. The prisoner himself tried bribery within the jail, but the warders turned deaf ears. When Sheriff Fox heard of these efforts, he moved Harvey to an upper floor of the jail where he was confined alone, with an armed man walking up and down before the door and another posted outside the entrance to the upper floor.

But this intrepid prisoner kept

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his courage high. His mind worked day and night upon any theory of escape. Meanwhile, his appeal hung fire in the Federal courts. Logan, who had entered jail in December, 1901, was still there when Christmas, 1902, rolled around.

The public gradually lost interest in him, and so apparently did his confederates. By doing so, they played into the hands of the prisoner. Instead of keeping the jailers constantly alert, this new quiescence gave Logan the chance which every escaper needs—to sit alone and watch jail routine in an effort to uncover the little weak spot through which a bold man may strike to freedom.

IN APRIL, LOGAN was informed that his appeal was due for argument. The time for action was at hand. He had little faith in a reversal: he must escape before the courts decided against him, because he would immediately be transferred to a great penitentiary, whence escape would be impossible.

June came before Logan got even the hint of a plan. One day when he was sweeping his cell, one of the broom wires became loosened. In a flash he had unwound the wire and hidden it, neatly coiled, in a chink of his cell masonry. As soon as this was done, he called gibingly to his guard: "What kind of broom is this?"

The guard inspected the broom, which was coming to pieces. Suspecting nothing, he got a fresh broom for the prisoner, who again took off as much wire as he dared and hid it with the rest.

In the daytime, Logan had observed, there were two men in his enclosure, outside the cell. Only when one went to meals was there a lone guard on duty. At such a time, Logan decided, he must make his attempt.

Now acting became part of the desperate plan for escape. Harvey, who had been silent during his wait in jail, now seemed to become communicative. He soon found that his day guard liked to talk and to listen, and that when Logan began to tell stories of his adventurous life, the guard would come over to the grated door, lean against it, and give attention.

On June 26, word was received at Knoxville jail that Logan's appeal had been rejected. The prisoner was tauntingly notified that he would be taken to Ohio State Penitentiary the following afternoon, in charge of the sheriff and a group of deputies.

"Well," said Logan cheerfully, "I ain't surprised!"

Logan slept quietly on his last night in jail. When morning came, his loquacious friend and one other guard took up watch. At noon, his food was brought in to him, and the second guard left. Only the friendly keeper remained.

Harvey got out his two pieces of wire, joined them, and formed a noose such as he had used a thousand times as a cowboy. Then he began talking to his keeper in the usual familiar way, trying to draw the man to the bars.

The guard answered, but did not come near. Instead he sat on a stool, cleaning a revolver.

For a few minutes the prisoner's heart sank. The other guard would be back in less than an hour. Then, to his relief, the guard arose and

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walked up and down. Finally Logan asked for a pencil and paper.

"I want to draw a little map that will mean something to you," he said. "It's the best I can do before I leave this place."

The beguiled keeper brought the paper and pencil, and Logan began drawing a fanciful map, glibly talking all the while.

"When my gang got that bank in Sisley," he said, "we had to drop the gold somewhere. We never had a chance to go back after it. This map'll show you where it is. All I want is one thousand so I can buy little things while I'm in stir."

With that, he finished his map and poked it through the bars. The guard leaned close. Swiftly, Logan slipped out his noose, tossed it over the keeper's head, then threw himself backward. The wire caught the unhappy guard and pulled him back against the steel door, choking and tortured as the knifelike wire bit into his neck.

He tried to cry out, but the wire bound his throat. Logan pulled a bit tighter with a low warning: "Get out your keys and drop them inside the cell, if you don't want me to cut your head off!"

The agonized keeper obeyed. Logan reached through the bars, unlocked the cell, took two revolvers from his guard, and tied the hapless man to the door with the wire. Then he took up a medicine bottle, put on the guard's hat, and walked to the outer door, where Warden Bell was on guard. This was a heavy door with a peephole, which the outside guard must open before he could unlock.

Logan tapped, and the warden opened. He saw an arm extending the medicine bottle and pulled the peephole open. In that instant Logan's arm came through holding a revolver.

"Unlock the door and not a sound!" Logan commanded.

The jailer hesitated.

"I'll give you three! One—two—"

The jailer could see the hammer of the revolver rising under the bandit's thumb. He picked up the key ring, unlocked the door, and let Logan out.

In the rear of the jail was a stable where Sheriff Fox kept a good riding mare. "Take me back to the stable," Logan ordered. "If anybody tries to stop us, you're a dead man!"

The jailer led Logan into the yard and across to the stable. There Logan tied him up in a stall, mounted the sheriff's horse, and rode away with a taunt for the unhappy Warden Bell.

Within half an hour, both guards had been found and the alarm given. But Logan had a start, was a wonderful rider, and a peerless eluder of posses.

Next day, the sheriff's mare, lame and minus her saddle, came limping back to the jail. Logan had abandoned her when she became winded, thrown his saddle on another stolen horse, and fled for the mountains.

The escape created a sensation throughout Tennessee and neighboring states. Public feeling supported the romantic viewpoint that here was another high exploit by a master of daring. As a matter of fact, it *was* a remarkable jail break. Every effort to escape by means of outside aid had failed, yet the lone prisoner, guarded like a condemned man, had managed to free himself

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single-handed. Then, on June 7, 1904, three bandits held up a train at Parachute, Colorado. A posse promptly set off in pursuit of the band, which made for a tortuous mountain area.

After two days, the officers came within rifle range of the three men, in a gulch 100 miles south of Parachute, where the robbers had been forced to rest their exhausted horses. In an exchange of shots, one bandit fell wounded. The other two, instead of riding off, tried to lift him to his horse. Finally he raised himself and commanded them to save themselves. Reluctantly the pair mounted and rode out of range.

The officers, fearing ambush, approached the fallen man gingerly. As they came within speaking distance, he raised himself on one elbow, placed his revolver to his temple, and blew off his head.

A month later, post-mortem photographs of the bandit were identified as those of Harvey Logan. He was dead at last. And police throughout the nation drew a breath of relief, for one of the greatest jail breakers of all time had come to the end of his lawless trail.

How to Achieve the Impossible

WINSTON CHURCHILL is admired above all for his constant demonstrations of indomitable faith. During World War II, he decided that any invasion of the Continent would require floating harbors of some kind. He summoned England's best engineers and told them to design and construct the devices. They said it couldn't be done.

Churchill barked: "Don't quarrel with me! Make those floating harbors. I know you can do it."

So the engineers took up his challenge and developed the "Mulberries," without which the Normandy invasion might have failed.

How many times a day do you say something can't be done—that it's impossible?

Here is an experiment I would like to recommend. Carry a pencil and paper with you at all times. Every time you think or say, "Impossible, it can't be done," write down what can't be done. At night, paste the paper on your mirror or some other place where you will be constantly reminded of it.

Start doing this on Monday. Then, on Tuesday, think how you can reduce the list. You'll be surprised to find how many things are possible when you think about them. Continue to concentrate on reducing the list for the rest of the week. By Friday, you will find that you have been able to remove quite a few items.

If you keep on following this practice seriously and intelligently, you will experience such a tremendous surge of power that you will abandon for good the concept of the impossible.

You will have learned that all things are possible to one who believes that they are. And forever after, your whole outlook on life will be changed.

—NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

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Our Human

A MAN WHO LIVES in an apartment building in Louisville, Kentucky, was telling me about a neighbor whose bathroom is just opposite his. Every time this neighbor goes in to take a bath he sings at the top of his voice, his soapy baritone all but rattling the windowpanes.

"You sure love to sing," the man remarked to his neighbor one day. "I hear you chirping continuously all during your bath."

"I'm not singing because I love it," the neighbor replied. "It's strictly precautionary. The bathroom door has no lock!" —JOE CREASON

THE STORY IS TOLD in England about the Duke of Norfolk who, walking near his castle, was recognized by a villager. The latter commented on the tattered clothes the Duke was wearing as unbefitting a man of his station.

"What difference does it make?" the Duke said. "I can wear any kind of tattered garments—because everybody here knows who I am."

A month later the same villager went to London, and in front of Claridge's he again saw the Duke—still wearing the same tattered clothes.

"What difference does it make?" the Duke told him. "Here nobody knows who I am." —LEONARD LYONS

AL JOLSON had a certain pensioner for whom he paid rent, bought food and clothes, and supplied the spending money.

Came a day when Al found the fellow was going around knocking him for being stingy.

"Don't I pay your rent, buy your food and clothes, and give you spending money?" said Al.

"Yeah," replied the fellow, "but a man likes to lay up something for a rainy day." —EARL WILSON

THERE IS A Washington club which, in the interest of complete relaxation, has decreed that any member caught talking shop within its restful quarters shall pay a fine of two dollars. One day a popular new member greeted his friends with a hearty, "Good evening, gentlemen."

"Say," exclaimed one of the older members, "don't you work at the Weather Bureau?"

"Yes," the newcomer admitted.

They fined him two dollars!

ONE MORNING, the Brooklyn Dodgers' irrepressible, unpredictable Babe Herman buttonholed a well-known sports reporter and pleaded: "Listen, I know you fellows have to have something to write about in your papers, but do you always have to make me look like a clown? If you keep this up, the fans won't take me seriously."

After a series of moving arguments for more genteel treatment, the scribe agreed to stop making fun of Herman.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot. I'm sure grateful to you," Babe said feelingly, and fished a cigar butt out of his pocket. The reporter started to reach for a match but Herman waved it away, took a couple of long draws on the cigar, and slowly

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Comedy

exhaled smoke. "No thanks," he said. "It's lit."

"All bets are off," cried the dumbfounded reporter. "Nobody who walks around with a lighted cigar in his pocket is going to tell *me* he's not a clown!" —JEROME SAXON

A STORY TOLD on Picasso, which may be apocryphal, is about the painter when he was at his most cubistic. A friend dropped into the studio and found Picasso standing before his easel in great distress. On the easel was a canvas covered with a confused mass of angles, crossed lines, and assorted geometry.

"What seems to be the trouble?" his friend asked.

"The nose is wrong," said Picasso irritably. "I want to change it."

The friend looked at the picture and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, why don't you?"

"Because," cried Picasso, "I can't find it!" —BERNARDINE KIELTY

WHILE WAITING for our car, I noticed a mechanic pick up a piece of paper from the seat of another automobile. He glanced at it and began to chuckle. Then he handed me the paper. It was a long list of repairs the owner wanted done. Penciled across the bottom was this note: "Please stop when you reach $15." —HELEN GURTIZA

FOR HIS MAGIC-LANTERN lecture on "Scenes from the Bible," the chaplain of one of our ships commandeered the services of a sailor who owned a phonograph, to play appropriate musical selections.

The first picture shown was that of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor frantically reviewed his records, but no suitable selection occurred to him.

"Go on! Play *something*!" urged the chaplain in a whisper.

Suddenly an idea struck the sailor, and in a moment the listeners were treated to a lively rendition of: *There's Only One Girl in the World.*

—FRANCES RODMAN

WHEN MY MOTHER caught my little brother in his first lie, she was so distressed that she told him to leave her sight and not call her Mommy again. After quite a long time, he timidly approached her and said, "Lady, can I call you Mommy now?" —NEW YORK *Daily News*

A LOT OF BRAINS, money, ingenuity, and bell-ringing—both door and telephone—goes into all those radio-rating gimmicks people hire. Hooper and Crossley and Nielsen and all the rest of them stay awake nights wondering how to tap America's responses, but one small, energetic, and very smart man did it all—and better—for nothing. He was Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia.

Every time he went on the air he called the superintendent at the New York City Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity.

"Joe," he would bark, "I'm on the air at 12 o'clock—at 12:05 check the meters on the mains. If they're takin' baths, it's a cinch they ain't listenin'." —IRVING HOFFMAN

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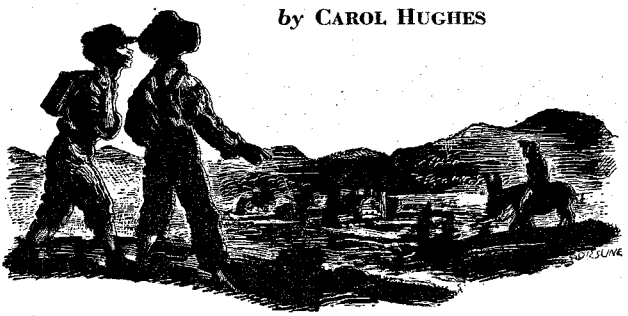
OZARK SCHOOL THAT RUNS ON FAITH

by CAROL HUGHES



For 43 years, a unique institution has weathered every storm by "opening the mail"

AT FIRST GLANCE, the School of the Ozarks at Point Lookout, Missouri, seems as unreal as an old-time movie. Dr. Robert M. Good, president, sat beside me in his cluttered office, opening the mail.

"Here's a check for $10 from Florida," he said. "Here's one for $50 from New Mexico. Now that's exactly how we operate from day to day. If it had been happening for a year or two, you might say it was an accident. But after 43 years, you get to thinking it's pretty permanent."

Anyone would be hard put to discover another institution like the School of the Ozarks, and even more hard put to explain it. The school receives no aid from state or county: it has only a small endowment. Although it requires $500 a day to operate, it keeps running by opening the mail. But the most amazing thing about the school is its entrance requirement: no student is admitted if he can pay his tuition someplace else.

When a millionaire offered scholarships for four children if the school would take his son, the Doctor exclaimed: "Why, bless my soul, no! I have a list of hundreds of boys and girls from these hills who can't afford to go to school anywhere but right here. I can't let rich folks take up their space."

Fantastic? Certainly, but while many things seem contrary to scholastic tradition, the Ozark school is one of the most going concerns in the country. Its pupils have come from mountain cabins, often walking ten miles. Many of them have never seen electric lights, running water, or modern conveniences. Gawky, bewildered, ignorant of modern ways, they yearn to be somebody—to belong.

"Life is hard in these hills," says Dr. Good, "but minds are keen. These youngsters are straightforward, eager for improvement, and innately honest. Let an Ozark boy or girl promise you something and

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the chances are 99 to one that the promise will be held sacred."

From the day he enters, each student must work at least 16 hours a week at some form of manual labor, and also during the summer months. In this way there can be no question of charity. If he needs new clothing, he works for it, receiving credit for the hours worked.

Such principles have paid off, for the School has grown from a one-room building in 1907 to a $2,000,000 institution with 50 buildings, 140 acres of excellent farm land, and one of the finest Jersey herds in North America. It now has fireproof buildings for instruction and housing, together with its own dairy, canning factory, farm, water system, heating plant, shops, commissary, and post office.

But the present enrollment of 250 boys and girls is, to Dr. Good, a major tragedy. He would like to accommodate thousands, so that "my heart doesn't break when I look at my stack of applications."

THE WAY THE SCHOOL is operated today is typical of the way it has been run from the start. A young Presbyterian minister, the Rev. J. F. Forsythe, home missionary in the Ozarks, was fascinated by the keen native intelligence of the people he met. No railroads or improved highways had yet penetrated the region. Gaunt, barefoot children stood in the rocky doorways, gazing at this intruder into their hills. They had no means of education, no hope, no future.

Determined to help these bright-eyed youngsters, Forsythe enlisted the aid of Dr. W. R. Dobyns of St. Joseph, Missouri, and other church leaders in founding a school. The first building was erected on a pleasant hill in Taney County in September, 1907.

Dr. Dobyns, as chairman of the board of trustees, built the school on faith. There was no money. Out of the hills came hordes of children—on foot, on horseback, in wagons—eager to do anything to stay in the new school.

One day, Dr. Dobyns was faced with almost-certain foreclosure. He knelt in his shabby office and prayed for the miracle of $800, which he had to have to save the school. Then he went to the post office. There was a single letter. A man enclosed a check for $800 with these words: "In checking my tithe account, I find I owe the Lord 800 dollars. Here it is."

From that day onward the school managed to survive—always on faith. And from it began to go forth leaders and builders. One of the first was Clint McDade. Today, McDade is a millionaire orchid grower. He has developed two great greenhouses—one at Sandhurst, England, another in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Planes fly him from England to Hawaii. "I can get across a continent quicker today than I got to that school in 1907," he laughs.

But the school is equally proud of those who return to their native villages with leadership and help. One such is Myron J. White. When this lanky Ozark boy arrived at the school, Dr. Good put him to work with the herd.

"Some day, Myron," he said, "I want you to go back and show the folks at home how to raise good cows and run a real dairy."

Today, Myron owns one of the

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best dairy farms in southern Missouri; to it come Ozark hill people to learn the most modern production and marketing methods.

JUST AS THE LITTLE SCHOOL was getting on its feet, disaster struck. The building burned to the ground. Undaunted, Dr. Dobyns and his teachers found another site in an old hunting lodge high in the hills above Hollister. Their faith was renewed when they asked the price. It was $15,000—exactly the amount of their insurance.

Dr. Dobyns paid out his last penny and reopened the school. Soon the old lodge would not house all the children. Once again a miracle was wrought. A businessman from Kansas City, H. T. Abernathy, stopped at a near-by cabin, where a little girl told him about the school and its problems. Promptly he contributed the money for the first two dormitories.

In 1921, when Dr. Good came to the school, the young professor's faith matched that of his predecessors, and he began to erect a new administration building with the last $859 on hand. Then Allen P. Green of Mexico, Missouri, contributed $60,000 to complete it.

Since most of the students came from farms, Dr. Good hoped they would help raise regional standards of living by improving farm methods. But to provide the proper training, he needed more land. Adjoining the school was a tract of 140 acres, for sale at $6,000 cash. Good had only $1,000, but he handed it over, promising the balance within a few days.

While he sat at his desk, wondering at his temerity, a woman phoned from a distant city. "I was wondering," she said, "if there was anything special the School of the Ozarks could do with $5,000?"

Due largely to the patience and courage of this rumpled, craggy man, the school is what it is today. He married one of the teachers, and smiling, gray-haired Mrs. Good is known as "Mrs. Sunshine" to all the students.

Informal, sincere, rugged as the hills about him, Dr. Good will tackle anything with complete confidence that if he takes care of the work, "the Lord will take care of the details. We believe in working for what we get, and giving full measure for our day's hire."

With the president setting the pace, an atmosphere of amiable simplicity pervades the school. Girls scurry across the campus in dresses they made themselves. Most of the boys are in overalls. Always busy, the girls are canning, cooking, weaving; the boys are on top of water towers, or firing furnaces, laying bricks, running tractors.

When a boy leaves the school, he can truthfully say: "I can lay stone. I can do carpentry work. I know how to operate a steel lathe. I can plane lumber. I have done acetylene welding. I have operated a linotype machine. I have run a capper in a canning factory. I have had experience in one of the finest dairies in the state."

And a girl can say: "I can take dictation. I can type. I have baked 40 loaves of bread a day. I have had experience in every department of a laundry. I can weave. I have worked in a library. I can sew. I can run a home."

Each year, out of the thousands

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of applicants for admission, the faculty selects the most needy, those with the keenest minds, those who live in the most inaccessible regions. These applicants are asked to appear at the beginning of the summer. They must work two months as part payment for the year ahead.

Next, Dr. Good seeks a sponsor for each student—someone who will make up the difference in money. He spends hours on the phone, writes hundreds of letters, makes speeches to enlist sponsors. If a parent can pay part of the sum, the school will accept it, but less than ten per cent of parents can pay anything. Students without sponsors, or those who must earn their clothing, do extra work for pay.

One of the school's greatest friends is Wilkins Hyer of St. Louis, a director of the J. C. Penney Corporation. On his first visit, he found the president, sleeves rolled up, helping the students can beans with hand equipment.

"What you need is a cannery," said Hyer, and promptly donated $45,000 for the project.

He fell in love with the school and its students, and is now chairman of the board of trustees. In 1933, he was looking over the small herd of cows that furnished part of the milk for the school. "What you need," said Hyer, "is a real herd."

Today, the school's Jersey herd is famous.

"We are getting on," says Dr. Good happily, "but we have a long way to go . . . more room, more dormitories, more children."

Three years ago, young M. Graham Clark, Jr., astounded his associates by resigning a top executive post with an insurance company in Atlanta, Georgia, to join the school as vice-president. He said simply: "I am challenged by what is being done here, and what can be done in the future."

The school is more than a challenge—it is a living symbol of faith and work. It has proved an enchanted Mecca for thousands of boys and girls who would otherwise be lost in their hills. And after them will come other thousands, retracing their steps over the rutted roads, out to the gravel and the concrete, seeking a new concept of leadership with an old set of values.

Travel Tips

Your tip can be either small enough to make the blonde waitress regard you as a cheapskate, or large enough to make your wife suspicious.

The trouble with those thick, luxurious hotel towels is that they make luggage so hard to close. —*Wall Street Journal*

The European plan is designated as paying for what you get and the American plan as getting what you don't pay for. —*Metropolitan Host*

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Vandenberg Runs Our Air Force Team

by TRIS COFFIN

His is a tough and unromantic job: to keep America two jumps ahead of the enemy

BACK IN 1944, the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg remarked: "Hoyt is now known as my nephew, but the time will come when I'll be known as his uncle."

At that time, Hoyt S. Vandenberg was emerging as a dashing hero of the Normandy invasion, a symbol of adventure in the wild blue yonder. He was the tall, lean, and handsome Air Force general who kept the Nazis off the backs of the invading Allied armies by relentless aerial pounding.

Today, Hoyt Vandenberg, an iron-willed but cool-tempered Dutchman, is Chief of Staff of the U. S. Air Force and the man chiefly responsible for preventing World War III. It is up to him to deter Russian attack by the ever-present threat of mass atomic bombing.

The General's strategy is simple and direct. He lives by it and guides the Air Force along the same straight path. Recently he summed it up to this reporter: "Some say possession of the atomic bomb is the chief deterrent to Russian aggression, but it's more than that. It's the ability to place the A-bombs accurately, if war comes. This means we must not only have the best bombers, but crews that are the pick of the lot, with the finest training we can give them."

Vandenberg's job as Chief of Staff is tough and unromantic, and that suits him, too. The General must find a path between the pressure of Congress, his own eager boys who think a giant Air Force could lick the world, Administration politics, and foreign needs—and still keep two jumps ahead of the enemy. His close associates swear profanely and affectionately that this is precisely what he has done.

The size of the man is revealed in an incident during one of the worst crises of World War II, the Battle of the Bulge. Vandenberg was Gen. Omar Bradley's air commander. The Nazis had broken through in the Ardennes. The Allied armies were in grave danger of

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being driven to the sea. The only way of preventing disaster was crippling air blows at the Germans.

The first day that Vandenberg ordered mass strikes, the ceiling was zero zero. At this news, some officers at Allied headquarters cursed bitterly; others voiced prophesies of disaster. Vandenberg calmly called in his staff and ordered: "Get in touch with every air station on the Continent and England to get the maximum planes here tomorrow."

Next morning fog still covered the area. Allied lines were cracking badly. Vandenberg again routed his staff out and said, "I want every plane that can get off the ground out there to attack tomorrow. This gives us one more day to get more planes."

The next morning the clouds lifted, and for two days a giant air armada struck in beautifully executed attacks. Every detail had been planned in the 48 hours of mist. These strikes were a major factor in breaking the Nazi drive.

Today, as handsome at 52 as a college hero made up for the class play, Vandenberg recalls the good old days and says with a wry smile, "The 50-mission stuff is great, but we must have people to do the planning as well as the flying."

ALTHOUGH ONE OF the most publicized men in Washington, Vandenberg is one of the least known. Outside of a few Air Force officers, who gruffly call him "a wonderful s.o.b.," he is regarded with the suspicion that the public usually reserves for a glamorous male. Actually, the General is a terse, hard-bitten realist and team player—almost the exact opposite of "Hap" Arnold, who ran the AAF during World War II with explosive phrases and table thumping.

Under Vandenberg today, the Air Force is a smooth, well-functioning team with some of the glamour worn off. One of the pioneers of air warfare, Gen. Muir Fairchild, pays tribute to the cooperation under Vandenberg by saying: "I've never seen a staff work as closely together as Van's, yet all are violent individualists."

Vandenberg's terseness is famous in the Pentagon Building. Not long ago, public-relations officers arranged for him to make a statement on the radio networks. Recording equipment was wheeled into his office. A statement a junior officer had worked over and fitted with noble words lay on his desk. The microphone was turned on.

Suddenly Vandenberg spoke up. "If you knew how much I dislike this junk, you wouldn't be after me to do it all the time." The recording had to be made over.

His realism is symbolized by a remark he made to a young officer at a tactical air school. The General had invited questions, and this youngster, with the abiding faith most airmen have in their own muscles, said: "I believe that strategic bombing alone could knock out Russia. What is your opinion, General?"

Vandenberg paused characteristically to let the remark sink in, then he replied soberly: "It would stop Russia for a time, but not destroy it. We could wreck factories and depots, but we couldn't keep the Russian forces from walking with what was in their pockets. I was in Russia during the last war. I saw

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Russian women wheeling ammunition to the front in baby carriages. You can't stop human draft animals moving at night with strategic bombing alone!"

His coolness under fire was displayed last winter, when newspapers were headlining bitter complaints that the Air Force was not supporting our troops in Korea properly, and that long-range bombing was a waste of time. There was tremendous pressure on Vandenberg to put all the air strength directly in front of the troops.

Calmly the General asked for all the reports. Then he countered: "I never expected bombing to have immediate effect. It takes months to wreck an enemy's supply lines. We cannot give up and divert planes to less damaging operations."

The Chief of Staff was right as rain. In succeeding months the Chinese communists suffered frightful casualties from typhus, frostbite, and combat, resulting largely from lack of supplies.

A strong factor in the General's decisive leadership is his reverent faith in the Air Force and the men who wear its blue uniform. He says with awe: "We've got wonderful kids, the best in the country, and they know they're in dangerous work. They've got to be good, because they are all alone up there in the sky. They've got to decide for themselves whether to go ahead or turn back when they're hit over enemy territory. We've had boys go through with 75 per cent or more of their formation lost. We've had boys, wounded, who pulled themselves over the bomb sights, let 'er go, and died."

Then he adds emphatically, "For that kind of boy, we've got to get the damn best planes and the best training in the world. I'm here to try to see that it is done."

Another revealing glimpse of Vandenberg was offered when he appeared before the turbulent Senate committee hearings on the troops-to-Europe issue. When called to the stand, he was exact and frank in his answers. While other members of the Joint Chiefs ducked the question of whether more than four divisions would be needed abroad, Vandenberg said:

"Four divisions are just a start. You can't hold an enemy thrust with only that."

He summed up the philosophy and strategy of the Air Force in an answer to Senator Tom Connally. The gruff Texan asked: "Tell us how the three arms of the services could cooperate in Europe."

Vandenberg spoke deliberately. "Senator, my idea is roughly this—if we do have a strong strategic air arm, we would be able to knock out the industrial potential of the enemy. This would take time. Down on the front lines, where he has stockpiled ammunition, food, gasoline, and transportation, an enemy could cross western Europe to the coast without a delaying ground force to oppose him. This would be in spite of the fact we could knock out his industrial potential. Once we are driven out of Europe, it would be an almost impossible task to return with an invading force."

THE QUALITY of wanting facts without window dressing, plus the General's capacity for leading, enables him to get a tremendous amount of work from his staff

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"team." During a period of a few weeks last year, three of his best players fell from exhaustion and heart ailments. Promptly Vandenberg called in one of the nation's top heart specialists and had him examine all his aides over 40.

Vandenberg selects his aides with complete disregard for the number of ribbons on their jackets and their official listings. All he asks about each man is, "Can he produce?"

A story is passed around to every new member of "the team" about the major general who sent word he would like to know what to do with a tough problem. Vandenberg replied brusquely, "He's a major general, and I expect him to operate like one. I'm not going to do his thinking for him. I'd a damn sight rather have men make mistakes than sit quiet and not do anything."

Vandenberg's staff meetings are fast-moving and informal. He never raises his voice or sharply criticizes an assistant. He starts off the meeting with the problems on his mind, and runs through his deputies for reaction. The officer who thinks he can win the General's favor by agreeing heartily at staff meetings will be surprised by an abrupt: "Exactly why do you think that statement is right?"

Vandenberg's day begins at 8:30 when, with his long, slouching stride, he comes into the office deep in thought. A new secretary once complained, "The General never stops to say hello to the girls. You'd think we weren't around."

A more experienced lady explained, "Dearie, that's just it. He's up in the clouds, flying a B-36 over Moscow."

At 8:45, Vandenberg gets a briefing on important cables, secret intelligence, and political and military news from overseas. Three mornings —Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—he is tied up in meetings of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This is where the combined strategy for the world is worked out, and it is no secret to report that Vandenberg is one of the most decisive members of the team.

The General rarely leaves the office before 6:30 P.M. and is on the job six and often seven days a week. When Washington gets too much for his patient Dutch nature, he flies across the country or oceans, looking for himself. During one 48-hour junket, he watched the atomic bomb tests near Las Vegas and visited several air units, virtually without stopping for sleep.

An aide protested, "General, you ought to take it easy."

He snapped back, "You can't watch things with your eyes closed!"

This strenuous life has left only a few marks on the once-blithe spirit who picked up demerits at West Point as he does honors today. His well-brushed hair is graying, his forehead is lined, he smiles less often. But his firm faith that the Air Force can and must protect the world against Russian aggression keeps him on a steady keel.

Many people in Washington have tried to describe the General and find a reason why he has risen so far. One superficial explanation is Uncle Arthur's "pull." This is malicious, since all the Senator did was make sure that Hoyt secured a West Point appointment in 1919.

The true story is that, back in 1916, the 17-year-old youth went to Plattsburg for army training,

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even though he was under age. When World War I broke out, the boy wanted to enlist, but his father said wisely: "If you are going into the Army, make a career of it. We'll try to get you in West Point. Uncle Arthur will know what to do."

After the appointment, Vandenberg was given special tutoring so he could pass his examinations. His schooling had been spotty and informal—the Vandenbergs went South every winter, entrusting their son's education to Southern gentlewomen who were somewhat less than strict. A habit Hoyt had formed of coasting along and cramming at the last minute carried through at West Point. On the basis of his daily grades and weekly scores, Cadet Vandenberg was among those required to take final examinations. He passed them with flying colors and after his first year had no more difficulty.

His was the first class at the Academy to be offered aviation as a career. Years later, Vandenberg was asked why he chose aviation. He said in surprise: "Why, every boy wants to fly. The first time I flew in one of those lumbering old two-winged Martin bombers, I knew this was for me."

As a pilot, Vandenberg is cool, brilliant and daring—so good that he spent many years of his early career as a flight instructor. In World War II, the General was flying Spitfires, F-51s, and B-17s in risky raids over Europe until General Arnold told him in no uncertain words to "stay on the ground; you're too damn valuable!"

The reasons for Vandenberg's rise lie in his tough inner fiber, his background and training. He comes from a solid middle-class family which lived in Milwaukee, where his father was a utility executive. The General inherited from him a Dutch thoroughness and calmness. Hoyt was also close to his Uncle Arthur and, like the Senator, could see a whole picture and not be diverted by a part.

His training is a rounded experience no other officer in the armed forces can boast: planning and operations in Washington, combat flying over southern Europe, Deputy Air Commander in Chief of the Allied Expeditionary Force in Europe, head of the Air Mission to the Soviet Union, director of Central Intelligence.

One reason for the General's steadiness is his deep devotion to his family. Vandenberg and his wife, Gladys, whom he first met at West Point, enjoy what a hardened Washington socialite describes in awe as "a blissful marriage." They are still the college sweethearts who like the admiring glances that are bestowed on such a handsome, well-matched couple. The two are often seen at the Shoreham Hotel, dancing to dreamy music.

They have two children, Mrs. Gloria Vandenberg Miller, whose husband, Lt. Col. Robert R. Miller of the Air Force, is stationed in Washington, and a son, Hoyt, Jr., or "Sandy." Last winter, when Sandy was in his final year at West Point, the General remarked: "He's just like I was at the Academy. I keep my fingers crossed to make sure he will graduate."

Susan Miller, the General's small granddaughter, is the apple of his eye. When he comes home to the rambling old mansion atop a hill

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at Fort Myer, Virginia, Susan is often there. He will swing her onto his lap, and listen intently to her childish talk.

The most popular room in the Vandenberg home is a downstairs den where the General and his wife sit for a quiet evening of talk and reading. Vandenberg has hundreds of friends but virtually no intimates with whom he spends much time outside of his family. His favorite reading is wild and rambunctious Westerns, which he recommends cheerfully for sound sleeping.

Occasionally, Vandenberg relaxes and recaptures some of the breeziness of the old days in a boisterous penny-ante poker game. He sits with his collar unbuttoned, grinning at the profane good humor of trusted comrades. He plays the cards close and never takes wild chances, but once he feels he has the winning hand, no amount of bluffing will scare him out.

Today, and every day as Chief of Staff, Hoyt Vandenberg is playing a poker game that affects all the world. A top associate recently was discussing the way the General plays the game for keeps: "He has his eye on the far goal. He doesn't give a damn about what's past. It's gone and he keeps saying, 'What about the next move?' "

When asked about the threat of World War III, Vandenberg replies with reassuring confidence: "Today, we can drop our bombs accurately on the major targets of the enemy. We know where they are and we know how to reach them. As long as the United States has this power, the chance for peace is better than 50-50!"

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THE MAGIC

by EDWARD PRAGER

IT IS TOO BAD that we are *made* to read certain books during our school days. Perhaps if we had never been required to plow through books that to us, at least, were tasteless and heavy, we would in later years be much fonder of books in general, and would read far more than we do.

In books, you gain friends—real people—who will be your companions forever. Books will take you places that you cannot otherwise visit, places that have never existed on this earth, real places that no longer exist. Books will bring you ideas that men of all nations have considered and evolved since the beginning of history. Books will tell you how other men have met life's problems.

Books will teach you how to hit a tennis ball, how to build a boat, how to grow grass, how to be a doctor, lawyer, merchant, scientist, speaker, engineer, writer, teacher . . . how to do almost anything that men have ever done. Books will excite you, amuse you, rest you, inspire you. Books will give you courage, fortitude, patience, tolerance, wisdom, hope, insight, skill, perseverance, sympathy. Books will make you grow . . . deeper, broader, taller. Books will help you to understand other men—and to know yourself.

Many of my closest friends are people I have never met, except in books. Herman, Verman, and Penrod are still waiting in the barn . . . and Tom Sawyer is lost in the cave—but he will be rescued, all right. I often walk with Allan a Dale, Friar Tuck, and Robin Hood, in Sherwood Forest.

The "Sentimental Education" of Frederic Moreau was part of my own. Julien Sorel was an intimate friend of my youth, and Stendhal himself. I have walked about Russia with Gorki.

I have sailed around the world with Capt. Joshua Slocum, and heard the savages howl when they stepped on the tacks he had strewn around deck to keep them from boarding his boat at night. I have

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# of Books

been in Paris, in Lapland, in Naples during the plague, and I have walked up the hill to San Michele with Axel Munthe—and I can revisit them all in a twinkling whenever I care to.

I had a good time in Russia with Ariane, I have been down in the coal mines with Zola, and I have done New York City with H. Allen Smith. Leslie N. Broughton taught me how to write paragraphs when I was 19—in a book that weighed less than half a pound. And Long's *History of English Literature* was my first thrilling mountaintop view of the world of books —the unfolding of the great expanse was a wonder that is still strong.

But you will find your own books—other books as good as the ones I was given, and found, and stumbled upon. You will discover that not only the people in the books, but also those who wrote them, will become your fast friends.

They are friends eminently worth knowing . . . people with the genius to see deeply, think hard, and to transmit to you the distillation of their life, brain, and spirit. And they will never leave you.

Which books should you read? I cannot name them. George Brandes said that a good book is a book that is good for *you*. I am sure he did not mean "good for you" in the sense that spinach is said to be good for you; he meant that a book that suits and satisfies your own special appetite is a good book *for you*.

In choosing books, follow your own bent. It will take you down some side roads and some little-traveled lanes. You will run across ideas and people that have special meaning for you, you will taste flavors that are not commonly known, you will have the joy of discovery and an increasing sense of your own individuality.

And when you find and finish a book that is good for you, you can hold it for a moment in your hand and say, "Here is something that has added to my knowledge and my life."

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My Wife Had a Mental Breakdown

by LYNN H. FOSTER

Frank and thought-provoking is this story of one family's frightening experience

I SIGNED MY NAME more slowly than usual, then passed the paper across the table.

"That's all," the doctor said. "Your wife is waiting for you. Say good-bye to her now—briefly, please. Then you won't see her for several weeks. I'll let you know when."

We shook hands, and I crossed the hall to the waiting room. Dorothy was with a nurse. She forced a smile, wan but with courage and sweetness behind it. It was the same smile she had given me when I took her hand at the altar, eight years before. "He told you this was to be good-bye?" she said.

I nodded. She squeezed my hand, her eyes never leaving mine. All the love I had ever felt for her surged through me. I took her in my arms, kissed her, turned abruptly and walked out the door. In front of the building the taxi was still waiting. "Back to the hotel," I told the driver. Then I sank into the seat—and sobbed like a baby.

I was madly in love with my wife, and yet I had just committed her to a "mental institution."

If you react to this episode as do most people, your attitude is one of sympathetic smugness. Let me warn you—don't feel too smug! My experience that day at the hospital was not unique, nor as unusual as you may think.

Despite modern advances in other fields of medicine, our recognition of mental illnesses has been slow. And yet, you probably have been in contact with such cases all your life, under various aliases.

Your friend, Fred Thompson, had a "nervous breakdown" and had to go to a sanitarium for a "rest cure." Now, nerves don't break—but minds do. And so Fred Thompson did not have a "nervous breakdown." Instead, he became mentally ill, and his illness was one of various types ranging from depression to paranoia.

Harry Winthrop's wife started acting strangely after her last baby came and they were afraid for a while—. Well, no wonder Harry's wife acted strangely, she was the victim of another of the myriad forms of mental illness. So it goes;

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if you check your friends, there have been many cases around you.

The ultimate crisis that marks the mental breakdown varies in type as widely as do the many forms of mental illness. In some instances its approach is almost imperceptible: a normally affectionate wife and mother may first show a coolness toward her husband, then a growing disinterest in her children and a desire to be alone. In other cases, the crisis is dramatically abrupt and terrifying. That is what happened in my family.

Dorothy is 36 and I am 39. Both of us are college graduates. Her father was a professor in an Eastern university, my great-grandfather was a justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. And I am a vice-president in the legal department of a large corporation.

So far as either of us knows, there has been no mental illness in our families. Ever since we were married, we have been ideally happy. So you can rule out marital disharmony, suppressed desires, the usual clichés.

Last April, we decided to go trout fishing at our summer cottage in northern Michigan. But before we left I sensed that Dorothy was nervous. Twice I awoke before dawn and found her sitting up in bed, reading and smoking.

"I couldn't get to sleep," she explained.

Other times she appeared distracted, and failed to hear me when I spoke. About that time I received several "account rendered" bills from neighborhood markets. Dorothy, usually most punctilious about finances, had overlooked paying her bills that month.

(Don't think I am stressing seemingly minor points, they were dug out of me subsequently by a psychiatrist. Such insignificant changes in lifelong habits, I was told, may be the first warning of a breakdown.)

The second time I found her awake at 5 A.M., I asked her to see our physician. "You're just tired and run-down," the doctor told her, and prescribed a mild sedative. A few days later we went to our Michigan cottage.

Much of the time there we loafed, alone in the cabin, seven miles from the nearest village. We had left both children at home, but each evening we talked to them by phone. Then we would read ourselves to sleep.

On the fifth day, Dorothy announced: "We need butter, milk, and eggs. Would you mind driving into town and picking them up?" She waved gayly as I drove off through the woods.

In an hour I was back, and found Dorothy sitting in the main room. Her legs were stretched out, her head bowed.

"Hello, sweetheart," I said.

She stood up, not answering, not smiling, then walked toward me with a peculiar scowl on her face. When she spoke, her voice was harsh and tough—a feminine version of Humphrey Bogart's style. "Why don't you tell me the whole story?"

I stared at her in amazement. She continued: "Do you think I don't know you've been forging checks for years? What's the matter—are you afraid to talk?"

Then, in her normal voice, full of sympathy, she added: "Oh, darling, won't you let me help you?"

Looking back, I wonder why I did not regard all this as one of

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Dorothy's jokes. But there was something in her expression and voice that frightened me. In one awful instant I knew that her brilliant, clear mind had snapped.

THE NIGHTMARE of the next few days—securing a doctor, getting back to a city where psychiatric care could be obtained—is a story in itself. Even now, the memory of those drawn-out days and sleepless nights is blurred. But since my primary reason for telling this story is to sound a note of warning, it is necessary to give a few details.

Suppose you had been I—in the cottage in Michigan. Your first thought would be to call the nearest doctor; your second, to get your wife to a psychiatrist. It sounds quite simple—but try and do it!

I started to the phone. "What are you doing?" Dorothy demanded. "The moment you touch the phone, I'll be gone."

The tone was strange and cold. There was nothing of Dorothy in it. I dropped the phone, baffled.

From that moment on, she followed my every move. Every time I looked up, she was watching me. I was actually a prisoner, day and night. It was 26 hours later that I got a chance to call the local doctor. And it was two full days after that, due to supreme tact on the part of this small-town physician, plus large doses of sedatives, that we were aboard a plane bound for a certain large city.

I chose this particular city because a classmate and good friend of mine was a well-known surgeon there, while his father, with whom he practiced, was president of the state medical association. I felt they would help me select the right psychiatrist for Dorothy.

Within a half hour after Dorothy and I were in our hotel rooms, Jim (my classmate) and his wife joined us. It was easy for me to ask Jim's wife to stay with Dorothy while we went out on a pretext. As soon as we were alone, I told Jim the story.

"She's a very sick girl," he said. "She needs a good psychiatrist and hospitalization as soon as we can arrange it. Here's what I suggest."

He named half a dozen men, all psychiatrists, and stated the order of his preference. I asked him to go ahead with arrangements.

Now if I were writing fiction, this should be the spot for the happy ending: a competent psychiatrist came, took Dorothy under his care, and in a short while she was back home, better than ever. But this is real life—and real tragedy. What actually happened was that Jim's efforts, his father's efforts, and finally my own efforts to secure psychiatric help added up to zero. Not one would take the case.

This sounds like a severe indictment of these men, but it is not meant to be. They had legitimate reasons; they realized Dorothy's condition was serious. However, hospitals had only a limited number of beds in their psychiatric section, and it would be folly for a doctor to undertake the case if he were unable to give the essential treatment—caring for the patient with trained psychiatric nurses.

By now, Dorothy was insisting on getting home. This I wished to avoid at any cost; the children should never see their mother in this condition. Jim saved the day.

"All right, Dot," he told her,

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"I'll see about train reservations."

I looked up in alarm, but he shot me a reassuring glance. Forty-five minutes later he was back, smiling confidently.

"Everything is set. First of all I called the ..... Sanitarium. That's where I want Dorothy to go for treatment. They're full, but expect an opening within three weeks, so I booked the first opening. Then I contacted Bud Fuller (a mutual friend of ours, a physician in a city 50 miles from our home) and told him what was up. He will get a room in their hospital and three good nurses. We'll keep Dot there until the Sanitarium wires us."

Leaving me, he went cheerfully into Dorothy's room to sell her the idea. How he managed it, I'll never understand, but when I entered Dorothy had agreed to his plan.

For the next two weeks, Jim and I drove to Dorothy's hospital every other day. Each visit Dorothy seemed happier, more her old self. I began to believe that, through some miracle, the trip to the Sanitarium would be unnecessary.

But this still is not the happy ending. On our fifth visit, in the midst of a normal conversation, Dorothy suddenly switched. "You know, boys," she said to Jim and Bud, "my husband is in a jam. He's been forging checks."

I felt as though my blood had turned to ice water, but everyone laughed at Dorothy's "joke" and Bud steered the conversation into a safer channel.

Five days later, I received a wire from the Sanitarium. The awaited opening had materialized. Next day, Dorothy, a nurse, and I left for the Sanitarium.

Now here is where I brought you into my story. An hour after our arrival, I left the doctor. A few minutes later, I said good-bye to Dorothy and stumbled into the taxi, crying like a baby.

THAT WAS ten months ago—months of anxious days and lonely nights. At first, my visits to Dorothy were four or five weeks apart, a one-day visit. Gradually the interval between visits shortened to two weeks, and the visits lengthened to three-day week ends.

Because this had befallen Dorothy, I wished to know more about mental illness, and I studied the subject. First, I learned that psychiatry, despite the fact that mental illness affects almost as many people as cancer, tuberculosis, and polio combined, is the stepson of the medical profession. For example, for every $25 spent on industrial research, 65 cents is spent on medical research—but only *one cent* for psychiatric research!

I learned of the shortage of psychiatrists in this country, now served by 7,000, whereas the minimum required to take care of existing cases of mental illness is estimated to be some 18,000 psychiatrists. The reason for this is chiefly economic: it takes nine years of training before an M.D. can hang out his shingle; it requires an additional three years—12 years of training in all—before he can become an accredited psychiatrist.

For years, leaders in the psychiatric field had tried to awaken the public to this situation, but with scant success. In 1946, their forces were augmented by the Veterans Administration. Gen. Paul R. Haw-

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ley, M.D., then Chief Medical Director of the VA, faced with the problem of giving proper medical care to thousands of mentally ill veterans, sought the aid of outstanding psychiatrists throughout the country to create in VA hospitals large-scale training programs which would multiply the number of psychiatrists and psychiatric personnel (nurses, aides, social workers, etc.) in training.

As a result, there are now being trained in one year more psychiatric personnel than was previously trained in three years.

But also, I learned optimism—and learned it in two lessons. The first was a chart illustrating the ascending curve of "cures" during the past 30 years. In 1920, only one of four patients was regarded as "cured" or rehabilitated. But today, in some hospitals, out of all cases brought in for treatment, embracing all types and degrees of mental illness, four of five are either cured or sufficiently improved to return to their homes and resume their normal place in society.

The second lesson was Dorothy's return home, when I found her as well and cheerful as before tragedy struck. After she had been home for some time, she asked me to tell this story. It was she who insisted on sounding the alarm, it was she who read the first draft of this article, made corrections and suggestions.

Is Dorothy cured permanently? The doctors say she is. So now we can look forward to a normal lifetime of happiness—thanks to the treatment she received in an institution which knows what can be accomplished by the wise use of modern psychiatric methods.

Literary Sidelights

FOR MODESTY and unpretentiousness, André Maurois offers the palm to a quiet-mannered bespectacled young woman he met in Atlanta. The distinguished French writer had just delivered a brilliant lecture and, seated at the luncheon table, was basking in the adulation of a group of enthusiastic admirers, when this young woman, who happened to be seated next to him, hesitantly ventured, "You know, I write too."

"Really?" Mr. Maurois said absently. "What have you written?"

"An historical novel," the young lady replied.

"Indeed," murmured Mr. Maurois. "And what is the title?"

"*Gone With the Wind*," softly replied the demure young lady.

ONE NIGHT, while appearing before a Dixie audience, the late Heywood Broun was more than a little embarrassed by the fulsome praise showered upon him by the lady who introduced him. Smiling a bit self-consciously, Broun bowed and remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am afraid this is more than I deserve. Now I know how a pancake must feel when they pour syrup on it." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

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Behind That Mask

Bewitching Greta Garbo still is Hollywood's prime riddle.

"SHE IS POETRY, sunrise, great music . . ." In such terms critics have eulogized the charms of Greta Garbo. But, amazing as this legendary screen star may have been, today, in her tenth year of retirement, she remains an enigma. Acclaim and glamour, the chief values Hollywood lives by, never were her values. She shunned the spotlight, and as though outraged by such unprecedented behavior, it followed her everywhere. What made her so inaccessible? Pride? Surliness? A blighted romance? (Those who favor the last theory believe her to be dedicated to the memory of the only man she ever loved, the Swedish film director, Maurice Stiller.) Whatever the secret, it still is hers, still lies hidden behind the masklike beauty of her face.

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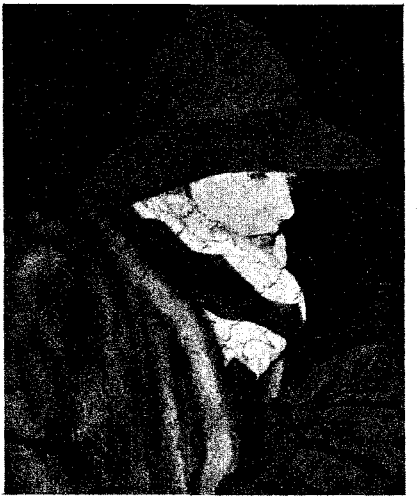

Hat pulled low, scarf high, Garbo pursues her solitary way. "I vant to be alone!" she is said to have exclaimed on one memorable occasion, and the phrase, which characterized her so well, became a part of the American language.

But Garbo can shine as well as glower. "She is as beautiful as the Aurora Borealis!" rhapsodized a usually blasé photographer. A tribute to her aloof radiance, the words scarcely suggest the warm smile she reserves for her friends.

Under a variety of pseudonyms, in hats often spooky and clothes often drab, the Swedish-born star skulks out back doors and down alleyways—all to avoid the publicity which many another actress would go far out of her way to invite.

According to some who know her, Garbo one day will emerge from retirement and resume her screen career. What will her face then show? Will it finally reveal her secrets or, like the inscrutable Mona Lisa's, continue to conceal them?

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Harold Russell tells his young son about the challenges of being handicapped.

HANDICAP TO FAME

TO MILLIONS of Americans, the people on these pages are, in a very real way, more of an inspiration than all the theoretical words ever written about the subject of how to be happy though handicapped. For blind and crippled though they are, these people have refused to hide in life's dark corners. Instead, they have fought back with determination and unquenchable spirit, and have made important contributions to the happiness and well-being of all of us.

Harold Russell (*above*) lost both hands in a training accident during World War II. Chosen to play the wounded veteran in *The Best Years of Our Lives*, he gave a performance that showed all "the spiritual agonies and possible triumphs of the mutilated." Now a leader of veterans' groups and an indefatigable speaker on interracial understanding and the rehabilitation of the handicapped, Harold Russell has helped thousands to realize every one of those "possible triumphs."

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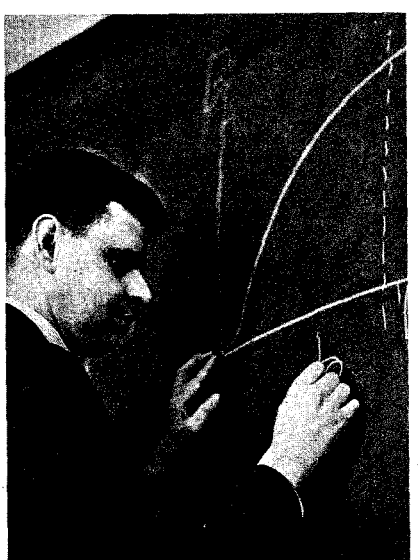
Maj. Alexander P. de Seversky lost a leg during a World War I air fight, then became a foremost aeronautical authority.

Although Jim Gorin has only one leg, he is known as one of the most agile mountain climbers in Southern California.



Thomas A. Benham has taught advanced physics at Haverford College for years, although he has been blind since two.

Most of the movie fans who have admired Herbert Marshall since the 1920s don't know he lost a leg in World War I.

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By jumping five feet in the air, turning completely around, and landing on his wooden leg, dancing star Peg Leg Bates has convincingly demonstrated to veterans in hundreds of hospitals that he has completely overcome his handicap.

Commanding the combined transport of all services in the Pacific is Admiral John Hoskins. Yet few people thought he would ever fight again when he lost a leg by remaining aboard the *U.S.S. Princeton* after it was dive-bombed in 1944.

Called "one of the musical marvels of modern times," pianist-composer Alec Templeton has been blind from birth. "I adore people, jokes, music, and the fresh feeling of the wind," he says simply. "What I can't have, I don't think about."

One of the great leaders among women of all time is a compassionate lady who has neither seen nor heard since she was a young child. Despite these handicaps, Helen Keller has lived a full life and left her mark on civilization.

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DANCING CLAWS

This is a short story about a cat that longed to dance in the movies —like Fred Astaire. In time, he became quite adept at the Big Apple *(above)*. One day, a movie scout saw him dancing and signed him to a contract. But the story ends in the usual Hollywood fashion. Our hero was painted black and made to slink across the heroine's path. The dancing cat had been typed as a villain.

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Symbolically, most of the pilgrims come to the church bearing wooden crutches which they leave behind them after the pilgrimage. The most devout approach the temple on their hands and knees, and these are given precedence by the priests.

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MIRACLE IN GREECE

IT IS ALMOST 130 years since a gnarled old man on the Greek island of Tenos saw a vision of the Blessed Virgin, which commanded him to look for an icon bearing a picture of the Annunciation. A workman's discovery of the image during the construction of a small chapel was the first miracle.

Now, for three holy days in August of each year, the tiny isle is flooded with pilgrims who have made the seven-hour sea voyage from Athens. Sick, crippled, blind, they have come to Tenos with hearts of hope and prayer, to be blessed by the same icon unearthed in 1822. The tiny chapel—Church of the Life-Giving Well—has given way to a larger church, built by volunteers, but the faith that brought a miracle to pass is unchanged.

Enraptured by the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, believers feel a strong surge of faith, the true miracle of Greece.

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TRAGIC TROUBADOR

IN THE KENTUCKY HEARTLAND where he was born and lived most of his life, John Jacob Niles is a legend. From ballads about heroism and beauty and blue-eyed maidens—some of which our forefathers sang 300 years ago—from the plaintive melodies of the hill folk whom Niles loves as one can love only his own people, he has fashioned folk music as authentically American as a log cabin.

Long ago, as a boy, Johnnie heard the chanting of boatmen and country people. The words stuck in his memory and the melodies haunted him; he began to write them down. During World War I, his notebook swelled with songs he heard on the battlefield from Wisconsin farmers and Alabama "crackers"; and when Niles returned home he became the unofficial curator of America's folk songs.

His collection is not dry, musty, and forgotten: in his clear, high-pitched voice, Niles regularly rekindles the spark of each entry in his battered notebook. Kings and presidents, the plain people of the hills, listening in auditoriums, churches, and schoolrooms, and under the clear blue sky, have heard the poignant musical tales of yesterday, and from them have drawn new strength of spirit.

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Slack your rope, hangsman, O slack it for a while

I think I see my father coming, riding many a mile

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O father have you brought me gold? Or have you paid my fee?

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I have not brought you gold; I have not paid your fee!

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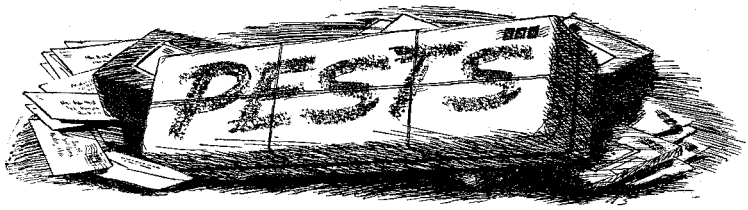

IN THE MAILBOX

by FRANK BROCK and HENRY LEE

There's a way to deal with people who send stuff you didn't order and don't want

EVERY DAY, the U. S. mails are annoyingly burdened with tens of thousands of gaudy neckties, shirts, handkerchiefs, tablecloths, even vacuum cleaners and alleged *objets d'art* which the recipient never ordered in the first place and certainly doesn't want to keep.

This is the No. 1 nuisance form of high-pressure salesmanship, against which the householder is defenseless, since the operators cunningly gain entrance by using the postman as their door-to-door salesman.

Sometimes, the unordered merchandise is accompanied by a begging letter which asserts that the goods were made by handicapped workers or the proceeds are earmarked for charity. Unless you recognize the name of some reputable organization, you should ignore this tug at the heartstrings.

More often, the parcel is merely accompanied by a businesslike remit-or-return demand for your dollar, because the mail-order pests profitably rely on a curious quirk in the consumer mind. Through fear or ignorance, most people have low resistance to mailed merchandise. Though they would chase away any salesman who dared offer similar gewgaws, often they tamely remit the exorbitant asking price for jewelry that they are ashamed to wear and for fountain pens that leak.

As a result, the sale of unasked-for, unwanted merchandise is a flourishing business estimated at $100,000,000 a year, which operates from coast to coast by courtesy of Uncle Sam. Business and charity associations, as well as consumer-protective groups, thoroughly disapprove the practice, but unfortunately it is legal.

Attempts to get Congress to outlaw the nuisance have been fruitless, and only the consumer himself —or "the sucker," as he is known in the unordered-merchandise trade— can stop this barely-within-the-law racket, by knowing and demanding his rights under U. S. Post Office regulations. Remember, you don't *have* to buy the stuff—you don't even have to return it!

Today, you will find these merchandisers operating from New York (shirts) to Hollywood (polishing cloths). Their offerings also are postmarked from Paterson and Summit, N. J., Philadelphia, Detroit,

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Chicago, St. Louis, and Springfield, Mo. They hit about a third of the country's 150,000,000 people every year for sums ranging from $1 to $75 per un-order.

As one example, a lifer in a Midwestern penitentiary made $25,000 in four years by dealing in novelties turned out by prisoners and marketed through the mails. He even won a probationary year's leave from his murder sentence and invested the savings in a handicraft shop. Then the Bureau of Internal Revenue intervened.

"No one told me about it," the prisoner said blandly when it was suggested that he file income-tax returns. "I wasn't trying to avoid anything."

Recently, about 9,000 packages of "arty" etchings were shipped directly from Italy to unsuspecting persons all over the U. S. by "Cooperativa Italiana Artisti," a group (or perhaps an individual) pleading artistic poverty. While the sender "valued" each etching in the parcels of six at $2 to $3, the U. S. Customs Service in New York considered the whole package worth only $3. This meant 60 cents duty, *collectible from the addressee*. In other U. S. ports of entry, duty was as much as $2.

The sticker was this: duty collected by the government is not refundable, and before the postman would hand over the etchings, he demanded and received the fee, sight unseen. As one stung recipient expressed it: "For my unrefunded money, it was the kind of 'art' that only a very young bachelor would hang in his apartment."

The most brazen operators are those who plead charity. For example, the "United Blue Cross Charities, Inc." in Chicago enclosed a punchboard with a catalogue of winners' prizes. The total income from the board was $8.95, but each recipient was assured: "100% of the net proceeds are contributed to nationally recognized charity groups including Veterans, Orphans, Juvenile, Blind, Polio, Cancer and Heart funds."

Of course, if all *net* profits go to charity, the important financial feature is how much the operators allow themselves for salary and expenses out of gross proceeds. Investigation by the Chicago Better Business Bureau disclosed this interesting fact: the punchboard firm had made no arrangements to share profits with any recognized charities, or the hospital plan known as Blue Cross, with which it had no connection at all.

In St. Louis, the Necktie Workers Organization, in business many years, sent out unordered neckties for which it asked $1 on the representation that this would provide work for handicapped persons. According to the only financial report which the BBB ever received, only a few cents out of every dollar of the outfit's total income went to the handicapped.

Similarly, in Chicago and Kansas City, "American Veteran Industries" hit on the idea of offering newspaper clippings or photographs laminated in "Permolast." The asking price of $1 would purportedly help a vets' organization. However, "American Veteran," a purely-for-profit operation, could show no association with any recognized veterans' group.

These are only random examples

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of what you may find in the mailbox any morning, along with begging letters from purely lone-wolf charitеers who don't even pretend to be helping anyone except themselves. From New Jersey comes the letter of a young woman, and with it a plastic tablecloth. She describes herself as a spastic victim, still hopelessly crippled after six operations. The letter pictures her in a wheel chair handling mail at a work table, and states frankly: "You are under no obligation to keep this. Feel free to return it at our expense." So you are left with the problem of how to return a plastic tablecloth to the sender at her expense.

An occasional variant of the sympathy plea is the peddling of prison-made goods along with tearful letters protesting repentance on the part of the senders. In addition to the murderer who became moderately wealthy in his cell, the inmates of Utah State Prison were doing a nice mail-order business in bracelets, pins, and other jewelry until the F.B.I. stepped in. Not that the "ice" was "hot," but there happens to be a Federal statute which prohibits the sending of prison-made goods across state lines.

Sometimes, the gall of the operators is breath-taking. One Chicago company attempted to force expensive, unwanted sets of business books on merchants from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., following up with invoices of $48 to $75. Finally, the Federal Trade Commission cracked down. But another Chicago firm is blithely pestering hotels with a spraying machine plus a can of wax, for which it demands $19.95, remit-or-return.

If the amount is large enough, many mailers resort to the most frightening dunning processes, including "lawyer's letters" and threats from collection agencies, to squeeze the remittance out of addressees. As an example, consider the experience of a businessman in San Francisco.

After paying more than $16 in C.O.D. charges on a package sent to him by an Eastern firm, he found that it was an inexpensive brief case which he had not ordered. He returned the merchandise and asked for a refund.

"Last week," the San Francisco BBB reported drily, "the firm notified him that they were sending him a filing cabinet, although he had not ordered it."

IF CONGRESS could be persuaded to adopt a regulatory measure first introduced in the Senate eight years ago, this entire nuisance trade could be halted almost overnight. Under the terms of the measure, any unordered merchandise sent either for the purpose of sale or to induce the recipient to make a donation would be considered non-mailable. Further, the Postmaster General would be empowered to make regulations charging postage due at double the regular rates when such stuff was returned to the sender. (Bona fide religious, charitable, and eleemosynary institutions would be exempted upon application.)

In lieu of such complete Federal protection, it is still a case of the *addressee beware*. In answer to increasing complaints, the National Better Business Bureau has drafted a summary of the recipient's responsibilities under the current postal regulations. No matter how

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many blustering letters you may receive, here are the facts:

Recipients of unordered merchandise are under no obligation to acknowledge its receipt; return it; pay for it, *unless used;* give it particular care; or keep it beyond a reasonable time.

However, recipients are obliged to surrender it to the shipper, or his agent, if it is called for in person within a reasonable time. And in that case, the recipient may even demand payment of storage charges before relinquishing it!

A Detroit man, who knew this sleeper in the postal regulations, dashed off this reply, upon being billed $7.50 for an India Copper Tone which he hadn't ordered:

"I wish to call your attention to the fact that this was sent to me entirely on your own initiative and without any request of any kind from me. You are causing me the necessity of taking my time to tell you that I do not want it.

"I detest your way of doing business and as a lesson to you to leave my name off your sucker list, I am charging you $2 for returning the foregoing item to you at such time as you forward me a check payable to the American Red Cross in the amount of $2, plus return postage."

The company sent the check.

Basically, there's nothing funny about these postal pests. Time and again it has been shown that they peddle shoddy merchandise at inflated prices, and that they rely on misrepresentation or the customer's ignorance to make their sales. Some even take advantage of death by deliberately sending wares addressed to dead men, thus defrauding widows and orphans. But until the Federal Government decides to act, only the consumer can put a halt to the practice.

97 Varieties

IT WAS A TYPICAL Godfrey program. The unhurried Redhead was monologuing along, plunking around in search of the lost chord on his ukulele; kidding Archie, the orchestra leader; telling how he fished down at his Southern home with a Virginia reel; and when he was in the Navy, seeing the world over a mop handle, how he started to walk across the freshly scrubbed deck one day and fell flat on his rear—Admiral, that was; and how he wished it would stop raining in New York like Leopold had had to in Belgium—and that crossing Fifth Avenue was becoming an amphibious operation. And after a while the announcer said he would be back next week, and everybody lined up for Arthur's autograph. And when he reached the end of the line an elderly gentleman handed him a slip of paper and said: "That's *my* autograph."

"Yours?" said Arthur, surprised, shocked, and mildly amazed.

"Just in case," said the gentleman, "you ever get around to mentioning my name on the air. I'm one of your 97 sponsors, you know—or do you?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

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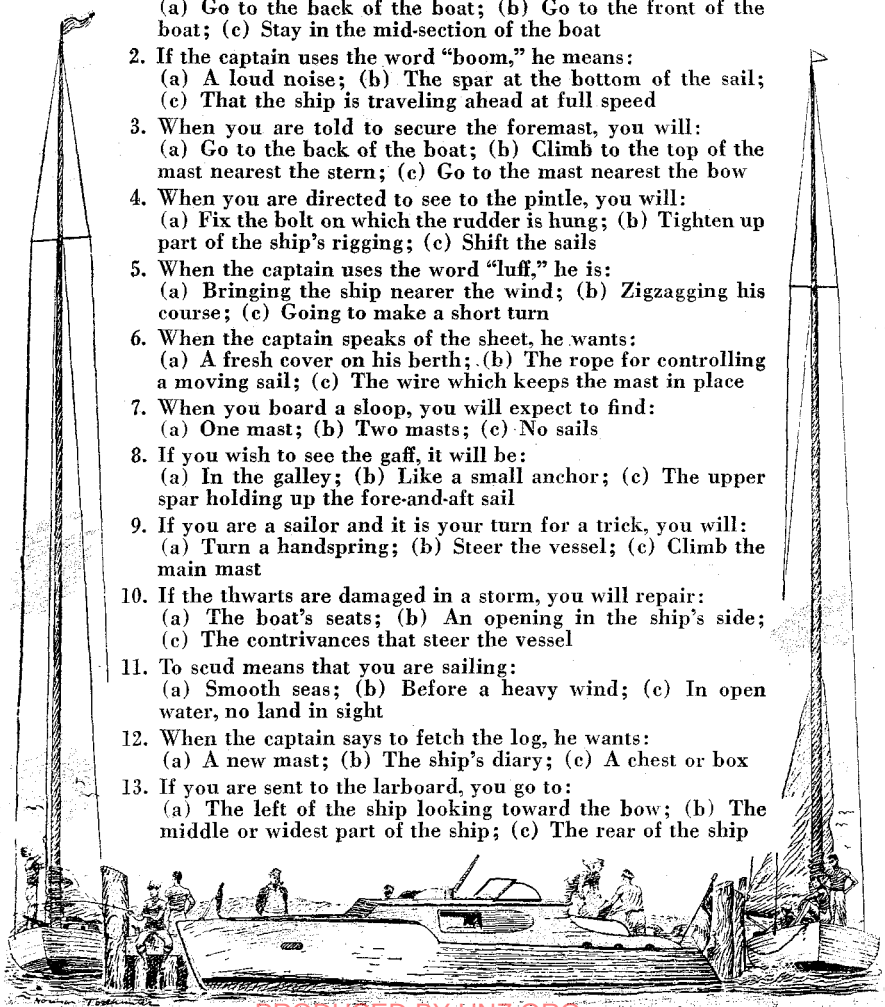
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

How Is Your Nautical Vocabulary?

"What do you know about ships?" asks Bob Elson, Chicago sports announcer and interviewer of the radio program, "On the Century." A commander in the U.S.N.R., Bob thinks any ordinary seaman should be able to answer the following questions. Get them all right and you rate an admiral's stars; better than 10 will keep you among the brass, but under seven makes you a "boot." (Answers on page 135).

1. When the captain sends you to the bow, you will:
   (a) Go to the back of the boat; (b) Go to the front of the boat; (c) Stay in the mid-section of the boat
2. If the captain uses the word "boom," he means:
   (a) A loud noise; (b) The spar at the bottom of the sail; (c) That the ship is traveling ahead at full speed
3. When you are told to secure the foremast, you will:
   (a) Go to the back of the boat; (b) Climb to the top of the mast nearest the stern; (c) Go to the mast nearest the bow
4. When you are directed to see to the pintle, you will:
   (a) Fix the bolt on which the rudder is hung; (b) Tighten up part of the ship's rigging; (c) Shift the sails
5. When the captain uses the word "luff," he is:
   (a) Bringing the ship nearer the wind; (b) Zigzagging his course; (c) Going to make a short turn
6. When the captain speaks of the sheet, he wants:
   (a) A fresh cover on his berth; (b) The rope for controlling a moving sail; (c) The wire which keeps the mast in place
7. When you board a sloop, you will expect to find:
   (a) One mast; (b) Two masts; (c) No sails
8. If you wish to see the gaff, it will be:
   (a) In the galley; (b) Like a small anchor; (c) The upper spar holding up the fore-and-aft sail
9. If you are a sailor and it is your turn for a trick, you will:
   (a) Turn a handspring; (b) Steer the vessel; (c) Climb the main mast
10. If the thwarts are damaged in a storm, you will repair:
    (a) The boat's seats; (b) An opening in the ship's side; (c) The contrivances that steer the vessel
11. To scud means that you are sailing:
    (a) Smooth seas; (b) Before a heavy wind; (c) In open water, no land in sight
12. When the captain says to fetch the log, he wants:
    (a) A new mast; (b) The ship's diary; (c) A chest or box
13. If you are sent to the larboard, you go to:
    (a) The left of the ship looking toward the bow; (b) The middle or widest part of the ship; (c) The rear of the ship



ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN TODHUNTER

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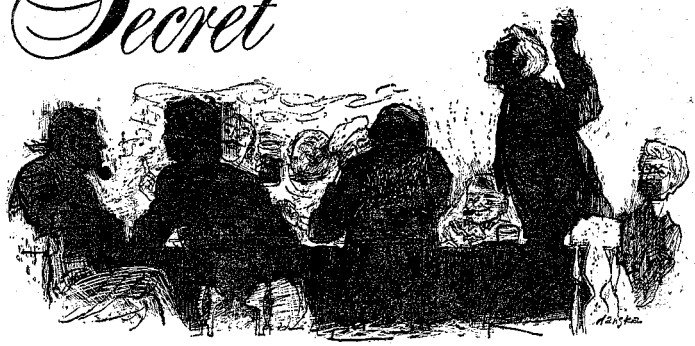
Sara Sloan's Secret



by GLENN D. KITTLER

For 17 years, the gruff but generous boardinghouse keeper played her part well

MRS. SARA SLOAN operated a boardinghouse on Chicago's North Side, and all her tenants were actors. Like the many similar establishments that lined Kenmore Avenue a generation ago, Mrs. Sloan's house was a circus of confusion. At all hours, performers rehearsed everything from a tap dance to Hamlet, and the dining room at meals was a scene of fury.

Dominating the entire melee was tiny, gruff, hard-shelled Mrs. Sloan, who had an arrogance about her that crushed attempts at intimacy.

"Don't tell me your troubles," she would bark at an unemployed actor. Or should one of her boarders land a good part, she observed wryly, "Well, I hope it lasts long enough to get you out of debt."

She had strict house rules for the bath, the telephone, and the table, and to enforce them she resorted to constant aggression. One night, a new arrival led the dash to the long, oval dining table, and began reaching for food even before he was seated. Mrs. Sloan's hand shot out and cracked him on the knuckles.

"We say grace here!" she snapped.

Sitting at the head of the table was an elderly actor of the type who played country doctors, preachers, or the heroine's grandfather. He waited until all heads were reverently bowed, then he prayed: "Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this food which Thou hast blessed. Forgive us our sins—and find us all jobs."

Everybody murmured, "Amen,"

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then conversation burst in the room like thunder.

In those days, as now, few professions offered more spasmodic employment than the theater, so Mrs. Sloan's tenants were often behind in their rent. Yet none could remember her ever asking for overdue payments. On the infrequent occasions when she was paid, she accepted the money with a frown, then carried on with whatever she was doing. Seemingly the whole process was distasteful to her, and the boarders often wondered why she continued operating a business that she so obviously loathed.

Mrs. Sloan never talked about herself. She received no mail, she had no callers. No one learned what she did before she opened the boardinghouse, and her husband remained an unsolved mystery.

"You live your life and I'll live mine," she often said to an uninitiated newcomer who tried to ask questions. And yet, though she appeared indifferent to the people around her, she flashed inexplicable hints of restrained sympathy for the private troubles of each boarder. Should one remain too long out of work, he found occasional envelopes of money in his mailbox.

This was never discussed publicly, and somehow Mrs. Sloan was always repaid. She blocked expressions of gratitude with a preoccupied, "Go away; I'm busy."

THERE WERE SOME who felt that Mrs. Sloan was less abrupt with younger performers, and the one time they faced her with this charge she enforced such rigid pressure on the entire household that no one dared mention it again.

However, a few weeks later, she violated a traditional boardinghouse rule by renting rooms to a young dance team with a baby girl. The infant seemed intent on an opera career, and her howls echoed up and down the corridors night and day. A comedian who worked in a small night club complained that the baby disturbed his rest, and said that it or he would have to go. When he returned from work next morning, he found his packed bags awaiting him at the door.

Then came the night when Mrs. Sloan fell ill. The actors summoned a doctor against her wishes, and, with him, crowded into her small room. One look was all the doctor needed. It was a heart attack, and he was too late. The actors decided that the old man who led grace at meals should tell Mrs. Sloan of her numbered moments.

"Mrs. Sloan," he said, "are you prepared to meet your Maker?"

"You mean I'm going to die?" she whispered.

The old man, his eyes misty, nodded slowly.

"Well," said Mrs. Sloan, almost aloud and with typical gruffness, "it's about time!"

Startled, the actors looked at each other for some meaning to this strange welcome of death. A few minutes later, one of them soberly observed, "The dear woman died in character."

Next day, the boarders went through Mrs. Sloan's effects in the hope of finding some clue to her past. They found only this letter, dated 17 years before:

> Dear Mama: I hoped I wouldn't have to write you a letter like this, but the doctor says that there isn't

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much time left. The reason you haven't heard from me these past months is that I have been in this tuberculosis sanitarium. I know you will blame show business for all this, and say I worked myself to death, but that's not true.

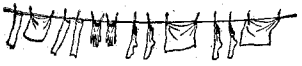
Though I've always regretted your refusal to let me go on the stage (which forced me to leave home), I have never been happier than during these past two years in the theater and among the wonderfully kind people who helped me so much in my work and stayed close to me in my illness. I wish there were some way I could repay them. Please forgive me for making you unhappy. I'll be waiting for you in Heaven.

All my love, Annette.

There was much discussion in the house about the proper epitaph to put on Mrs. Sloan's headstone. Every line of Shakespeare and every verse of the Bible was suggested, until finally one of the boarders suggested a few words that met with unanimous approval.

And so in a small cemetery outside the city is a tiny grave. For years, it was never without a bouquet sent by a touring old-timer who remembered the gruff little housekeeper who had, as she paid her daughter's debt for the happiness found among vagabond actors, lived 17 years with a broken heart until at last God brought the two of them together. On the headstone is engraved: *Well, it's about time!*

Turnabout



THE RESPECT FOR honest toil and the sturdy independence which helped elevate him to world-wide fame never deserted Gen. John J. Pershing. When the Armistice came in World War I, and General Pershing and his staff were hastily preparing for their great Victory Parade in Paris, a young lieutenant came to headquarters and begged to be excused, because his laundry had not been delivered.

General Pershing, who was shaving in the next room, overheard the request and called out, "What do you need, lieutenant?"

"Gloves and collar, sir," the lieutenant replied.

"Take these," General Pershing said, removing the desired articles from an improvised clothesline in the bathroom. "I just washed them out myself."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

AN ENTERPRISING merchandising executive of a chain of trading posts in the Far North conceived the idea of tantalizing Eskimo ladies with such fripperies as sleek pink panties and brassieres. The post manager chosen to launch the experiment protested against "such nonsense."

But the executive had his way—and smiled triumphantly when the post manager had to send in a reorder within a week. One point puzzled him, however. All the garments ordered were outsized. He queried the manager by radio-telegraph:

"Surely there's some mistake—all Eskimo women can't be that big."

"No," replied the manager laconically, "they come in *all* sizes. But, you see, they've decided that it would be a shame to hide such beautiful garments—so they wear them *over* their other clothes." —ELIZABETH ALLEN

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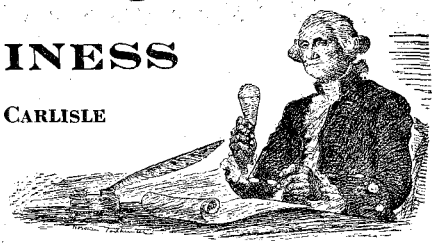
THIS Ice Cream BUSINESS

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE



Each year, Americans consume more than two billion quarts of a favorite dessert

WHEN THE ORDER to "Abandon ship!" had gone out over the loudspeaker of the crippled aircraft carrier *Lexington* in the South Pacific, the men aboard her interrupted preparations for leaving to eat ice cream! They scooped it into their helmets from cans hoisted from below deck, determined for once in their lives to get all the ice cream they could eat.

Such a thing could probably have happened only aboard an American vessel, for Americans have such an insatiable appetite for ice cream that in 1949 we ate our way through two and a quarter *billion* quarts, or one and a half billion dollars' worth.

Ice cream comes in more flavors than any food ever invented by Nature or man—more than 200 of them, including such eye openers as anise, root beer, sweet potato, avocado, pomegranate, carrot, water cress, and even menthol!

Yet, when the International Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers recently conducted a survey, they discovered that 45 per cent of the amount sold was vanilla, with chocolate running a slow second at 17 per cent, and strawberry third with nine.

There are some remarkable variations in flavor preferences from state to state and city to city. For instance, in New Mexico strawberry outsells chocolate four to one. More vanilla—and less chocolate—is sold proportionately in Kansas City than in any other metropolis. And Philadelphia holds the record for the least proportionate amount of vanilla.

Strangely enough, ice cream is neither a new nor an American invention. As early as 62 A.D., the Roman emperor Nero sent fast runners to the mountains to bring back snow which was then flavored with honey, juices, and fruit, something like a fruit ice.

Some 1,200 years later, Marco Polo turned up in Italy with a recipe for a remarkable frozen delicacy which was enjoyed in China. People tried it out, and something like our sherbets was soon served in

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many parts of Europe, eventually being improved by the addition of milk to resemble ice cream.

Americans always have showed evidence of overwhelming fondness for ice cream. Take George Washington, for instance. History records that between June and August, 1790, he ran up a $200 bill at the ice-cream shop of a Mr. Cove on Chatham Street in New York City.

Dolly Madison probably did much to make ice cream famous by serving it at state occasions in the White House. And another woman, in 1846, turned it from a White House luxury to a dish within general reach. Up to that time, ice cream was made in "pot freezers," which meant it was beaten by hand and shaken up and down in a pan of salt and ice. Nancy Johnson dreamed up the hand-cranked freezer, a device still in occasional use.

TODAY'S GIGANTIC ice-cream industry really got its start when an enterprising man named Jacob Fussell calculated that people would eat a lot more ice cream if they didn't have to turn a crank. In 1851, he set up a plant in Baltimore and shortly thereafter one in Washington, D. C. Perhaps this early factory gave the District of Columbia the head start that still makes it tops in the nation in per capita production of ice cream—more than 29 quarts per person.

The big catch in early methods of manufacture was that the stuff had to be made in batches, which called for bulky equipment and slow processing. Then a Louisville inventor named Clarence Vogt got to tinkering with a curious contrivance. Its basic part was nothing more than a piece of nickel pipe a yard long, but today the industry couldn't get along without it.

The ice-cream mix is put into one end of the tube, through which it is pumped under pressure. Actually, the walls of the tube are double, forming a jacket which contains a refrigerant. That makes the inside wall of the tube so cold that the mix freezes instantly and shoots out the other end in a matter of seconds, all ready for packaging.

When manufacturers started making ice cream by quick-freezing methods, they were faced with an uncomfortable discovery. Minute ice crystals somehow appeared in it. But they found that a tiny quantity of gelatin—as little as ⅓ of one per cent of the total weight added to the mix—licked that problem.

Then there is the trick they perform with air. Yes, one ingredient of ice cream is plain ordinary air. The makers go to a lot of trouble to put it into their product; otherwise ice cream would be so hard you couldn't chip it with an ax.

Americans have shown a vast amount of ingenuity in thinking of new ways to eat ice cream—the soda, for instance. It happens that there was a kind of cream soda before ice cream got into the picture. It was made by mixing ordinary cream with carbonated water.

Apparently people were satisfied with it until one day in 1874, when Robert Green, who was selling sodas at the semicentennial celebration at Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, ran out of cream. In desperation, he sent a rush order to a near-by confectionery store for ice cream. His "substitute" soda became an overnight sensation. Few

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persons left the Fair without trying one, and the soda was soon a nation-wide institution.

The sundae got its start in Evanston, Illinois, when the city fathers passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of soda on the Sabbath. Thereupon, ingenious fountain proprietors started featuring "Sunday Sodas"—a soda without the soda. With the spelling changed to "sundae," the concoction became nationally popular.

Quite appropriately, a youngster played a part in one of ice cream's most fabulous success stories. The Eskimo Pie turned up in 1922, and soon hundreds of people were at work trying to improve this chocolate-covered bar. Among them was Harry Burt, owner of an ice-cream factory in Youngstown, Ohio.

One day he invited his children to try a new formula. They pronounced it excellent, but "awfully messy." Then young Harry Burt, Jr., had an idea.

"Why not put them on sticks, Dad, like suckers?" he asked.

Burt didn't have an answer to that, except for the obvious one: "Chances are they wouldn't stick to the sticks." Nevertheless he hustled to the factory and tried thrusting sticks into the bars. Later, when he reached into the freezer to see how well the sticks were holding, he found that it took a mighty pull to get a stick out of its bar, because ice crystals had formed on the sticks, creating a powerful bond between handle and bar.

Guaranteed to make any ice-cream expert launch into a lecture on nutrition is the assertion that ice cream is fattening. He will tell you, for instance, that a single baked apple has 54 more calories than an average 1/6th quart of ice cream!

On the other hand, every dish of ice cream contains a generous amount of calcium, phosphorus, riboflavin, thiamine, vitamin A, and niacin; and the U. S. Department of Agriculture classes ice cream along with milk and cheese as a basic food.

Curiously enough, however, the industry's efforts to tell the story of ice cream in terms of food value have never succeeded as well as appeals to taste, thus leaving the manufacturers in the unusual position of making and selling a highly nutritious food that people eat in quantity simply because they like it.

Financial Fable

A GENTLEMAN WENT to a junk yard to buy a trash barrel and was charged $1.03 for it. "That three cents couldn't be sales tax could it?" he asked.

The dealer shook his head. "The *dollar* is for taxes," he said glumly. "I get to keep the three cents."

—IDA M. MCNAIR

How Is Your Nautical Vocabulary?

(Answers to quiz on page 129.)

1. b; 2. b; 3. c; 4. a; 5. a; 6. b; 7. a; 8. c; 9. b; 10. a; 11. b; 12. b; 13. a.

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A MAN'S SLEEP was disturbed nightly by the howling of a neighbor's cat. Finally, in desperation, he consulted a lawyer.

"That cat sits yowling on the fence every night," he complained. "I don't want any trouble with my neighbor if I can avoid it. Can you suggest a remedy? Would I be within my rights, for instance, if I were to shoot the cat?"

"Hardly," said the lawyer, "since it isn't yours."

"That's right."

"Does the fence belong to you?"

"Yes, I built it myself," replied the client.

"Ah," said the lawyer brightly. "In that case, it's safe to advise that you have a perfect right to pull down the fence!" —E. A. CHAFFEE

THE BUS DRIVER had been trying for seven blocks to pass a coal truck. His thoughts were mirrored in his face as, at a red traffic light, he managed to pull alongside the truck driver's window.

The truck driver looked insolently at the other and said sarcastically: "Well?"

"Nothing important," replied the bus operator. "I know what you *are*—I just wanted to see what you *look* like."

THE DINER was in a bad mood. When the soup was served, it was lukewarm. To make matters worse, the steak was tough and the salad was a mass of wilted greens. He looked about the hotel dining room and beckoned the waiter.

"That man at the corner table is getting better food and service than I've had here," he exploded. "I'm going to make a complaint to the manager. Where will I find him?"

"He's the man at the corner table, sir," replied the waiter.

—ELEANOR C. WOOD

NO SPORTSMAN takes his favorite sport more seriously or plays it more intensely than the golfer.

A chap returned from a long day on a near-by course. His wife kissed him and remarked that their son had just come in, too.

"He says he's been caddying for you," she added brightly.

"By golly," exclaimed the golfer, "no wonder that kid looked so familiar!" —*Texas Ranger*

A YOUNG MAN, recently married, came across his wife's diary and asked if he might read it. She told him to go ahead, adding, "I just kept it to remind me of little things I'd forget if I didn't jot them down when they happened."

The entries were much as she'd described them, and the husband was about to toss the book aside when he came to this deflating notation: "July 19—Dentist. Dinner. Circus. Engaged." —ALICE FOX PITTS

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, a rather daring young coed was telling her grandmother about some of the dates she had had at school. She said: "It's thrilling, this being pur-

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sued by the tall, dark, and torrid, Gram. Ah, so different from your Gay Nineties!"

"Different, indeed!" said the annoyed lady. "The young swains then were just as torrid as they are now, I dare say!"

"They couldn't have been," contended the granddaughter, "or they wouldn't have dared to wear those celluloid collars!" —*Wall Street Journal*

A NAVY WIFE, bidding her husband good-bye as he was embarking for duty in the troubled Pacific, was incensed when she saw a black Scotty trot aboard.

"Why should dogs be allowed to go along, but the men's wives be forbidden?" she demanded indignantly of an officer.

"Madam," he replied, "you see, *all* the men can pet one dog and all be the happier for it." —KENT RUTH

THE ANXIOUS lady traveler kept pestering the information clerk in the railroad station with inane questions. Finally, just as the clerk had about reached the end of his endurance, she asked:

"Can I get aboard the Super Chief before it starts?"

"Madam," he replied, resignedly, "you'll have to." —KENNETH L. WESLEY

A WOMAN who had always lived in modest circumstances before she came into an unexpected inheritance attended a horse show at Madison Square Garden wearing a smart tweed outfit with a diamond brooch about the size of an English walnut.

"My dear," cooed a friend, "if you don't mind my saying so, you shouldn't wear such a large jewel with tweeds."

"Yeah?" snapped the newly rich gal. "That's what I always said—before I owned one."

—HARRY EVANS, *Family Circle*

FARMERS HAVE TRIED many tricks to discourage crows. Wholesale shooting, dynamite, various kinds of traps, poisoned grain, all sorts of mechanical devices have been tried in an effort to frighten birds out of the cornfields. A man near South West City, Missouri, used to spin a long, windy tale about his invention of a marvelous lifelike scarecrow. It was made of tin, he said, and not only waved its arms at irregular intervals, but emitted a loud yell every few minutes.

"Did it scare the crows?" I asked.

"Skeer the crows!" he cried. "I should say it did. Why, gentlemen, that contraption skeered the crows so bad that some of 'em fetched back corn they had stole two years before!" VANCE RANDOLPH, *We Always Lie to Strangers*

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TEXAS KING OF COWBOY BOOTS

by ELIZABETH FAGG

Both as a craftsman and as a person, Willie Lusk has written an inspiring success story and helped demonstrate that brotherhood is more than a word

COWBOYS FROM the Snake River in Idaho down to the Pecos in Texas swear he makes the finest cowboy boots in all the world. And in the West Texas cow country—where the cowboy boot was born—any stranger wanting fancy footwear will probably be advised, "Pardner, talk to Willie Lusk."

Lusk's Boot Shop stands in the dusty outskirts of Lubbock, Texas. Outside, it looks like any other shoeshine parlor; but expensive cars are always parked in front. And inside, tall Texans in leather jackets and Stetson hats stand admiring a colorful array of boots.

They rub calf or kangaroo hides between knowing fingers, squint at bright curlicue stitching on boot tops. They study fancy leather inlays, sloping heels, pointed toes, handstitched soles. They jiggle and turn the boots, comparing one with the other, as intent as horse traders gauging horseflesh. And before they leave, Lusk measures them for a pair of the costliest, gaudiest footwear worn by males anywhere on the globe. The remarkable thing about Lusk, however, is not his boots but his color. He is a Negro. And this single fact is doing more to improve race relations in Texas than Congressional bills or Supreme Court decisions.

Anywhere below the Mason-Dixon Line, a Negro in a white man's job is still extraordinary. A Negro who employs whites, as Lusk does, is virtually unheard of. And a Negro at the top of a craft which caters to a clientele of whites—well, there's only one Willie Lusk.

Lusk has worked side by side with whites since he started as a shoeshine boy in San Angelo, Texas, at the age of 14. N. A. Brown, his first boss, soon promoted him from shoeshine to shoe repair. A Czechoslovakian bootmaker in the shop sensed the boy's feel for leather, set him to working on boots. When Brown sold out in 1934, his brother, E. E., grabbed the talented Negro apprentice, then 20, for his own saddle shop in Lubbock. Six months later Willie sold his first cowboy

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boots. Actually, he had made only the bottom; he was still one year away from producing his first complete pair.

"It takes a long time to learn bootmaking," Lusk explains.

At 26, Lusk was training apprentices in the boot department at Brown's, largest shop in Lubbock. Nearly two-dozen white workers were under his supervision—some apprentices, others much older than Willie himself.

Lusk scheduled production and directed designing. "Never saw any jealousy or friction," says Brown. "Everybody looked up to the guy."

WORD SOON GOT AROUND among ranchers, oilmen, and farmers in West Texas that the best bootmaker in the entire region was "that Negro at Brown's." And in that land of immense distances, customers began flocking to Lubbock from miles around.

In 1946, when Brown retired, Willie decided to stay on under the new management. Then, suddenly, a new avenue opened. An old customer, a Dallas rancher, phoned from Fort Worth. The man was irate: he had been overcharged outrageously for new boots someone else had made.

"Willie, how'd you like to have a shop of your own?" he asked.

"Why, I never thought of it," Lusk answered in his mild voice.

"It's what we need. How much would it take?"

"About $2,500, I'd say."

"Send you a check tomorrow. Pay me back when you can."

Lusk was ecstatic. He decided to start in a small way, do most of the work himself, gradually train Negro apprentices. His wife Mildred would keep the books.

Soon, some of the white bootmakers whom Willie had trained or helped train at Brown's came to him. "We'd sure like a job with you," they said.

"Wonderful," Lusk answered happily. Ultimately, eight Brown employees came to work for Willie.

The first day the shop opened in October, 1946, not a single white customer appeared. At the end of an unprofitable week, Lusk was in despair. Shoe-repair business was brisk—Willie's Negro friends were flocking in. But the money—and his real interest—lay in boots.

By the next week, however, a few cars began stopping in front. Old customers were finding the new shop. Lusk's spirits lifted. The news was getting around. Soon his machines were whirring. By the end of the first year, he had doubled his space. Today, he talks of building his own place, replete with cattle brands and rustic furniture.

Lusk, now 37, is a figure of dignity as he greets the whites entering his shop. Towering over his tallest customer, a six-foot-four-inch giant clad in denim coveralls, he looks like anything but a cowboy. Nowhere in his well-cushioned frame is there any sign of that rangy springiness of the man who lives in the saddle. But his alert fingers, feeling a customer's foot, sense all the special needs of the stirrup.

Vanity rather than comfort is the principal reason for wearing cowboy boots, says Lusk. "Boots add inches to a man's height, but they add yards to his morale."

Everything about a cowboy boot expresses masculinity. Lusk's $40

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model, for instance, gets a ten-inch top with two rows of decorative stitching. Each extra row of stitching adds a dollar, as does each additional inch to the top. Some men have the whole boot covered with stitching, from toe to top. On one fancy pair, Lusk used 4,680 yards of silk thread.

No two pairs of boots are ever alike—partly because they are handmade, partly because the owner himself helps to create the design. Customers often figure out the entire decorating scheme, getting in their name, cowbrand, and other fancy items.

All-calf or all-kangaroo, or a combination of both, are favorite leathers. But for some customers Lusk has used as many as five different kinds. Last word in elegance is the $150 all-alligator number.

Once a year, Lusk loads his car with sample boots and heads West, where customers are awaiting him along the livestock circuit. He goes through Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, all the way to South Dakota, stops at stockyards and ranches where he is known, always adds new customers.

At Miles City, Montana, during the three-day annual rodeo, he parks behind the corrals. While ridin' and ropin' are raising the dust out front, he is carefully getting measurements and drawing off the feet—each foot separately—of cowboys who drift back between acts.

"The most important thing about boots is the fit," Lusk says. "All feet are different."

The Lusks live near their shop in a small house with green shutters and a neat yard. Mildred directs dramatics at high school, in the summers attends college for a graduate degree in library science. She spends evenings at the shop, where her husband works until 10 o'clock.

Lusk has done very little advertising: his fame has spread almost entirely by word of mouth. Today, as modest and kindly as the shoeshine boy of more than 20 years ago, he is a living example of the mountain coming to Mohammed.

"Willie is a truly successful person," says one Texan. "As a craftsman, he has succeeded in a machine age. As a Negro, he has solved—for himself at least—one of the most complex of human problems."

AMERICAN EFFICIENCY is that indomitable spirit that neither knows nor will be deterred by any obstacle, that plugs away with businesslike perseverance until every impediment has been removed, that simply must go through with a job once it has been tackled. —JOSEPH STALIN (1924)

Do You Know the Ruler's Rule? (Answers to puzzle on page 27)

As the one finger moves inward, it upsets the weight balance of the ruler, thus decreasing the pressure on the stationary finger. As a result of the lowered friction, the moving finger will push the ruler across the stationary finger. Steady movement of the finger repeats the process until the fingers meet in the center.

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MY FATHER "RETIRED" AT 65

As told to JOHN LINDSAY

Here is the true story of a man who found a busy new life in his twilight years

AS IT DREW inexorably nearer, everyone in our family began to dread Father's 65th birthday—the day on which he would be automatically retired from his company after almost 50 years of service.

Our concern was not over his financial future, for a pension would assure him and Mother an adequate income. What worried us was Dad's increasing depression and the alarming decline in his health. Plainly he was beset with the idea that his days of usefulness were over.

We all knew of men who had retired and then died within a brief time, destroyed by a combination of bewildering idleness, interrupted habits and the feeling of no longer being needed. But we said nothing to Dad of our anxiety. Instead, we tried to help him prepare for the great change.

Mother would joke and say she had a thousand odd jobs for him to do, but her smile didn't hide the worry from us, or from Father either. "Yes, Mary," he would say in a patient but spiritless way.

My brother Jim talked about hunting and fishing trips that he

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and Dad were going to take together. But Dad's former zest for these sports now seemed perversely abated. Or else, as we were growing certain, he was just too sick to care.

Dad had never had much to do with doctors, and we found we were going to have a difficult time persuading him to consult one now.

"Nonsense," he barked. "I'm all right. Just tired, that's all, winding up things at the office and trying to get something through the head of that college boy they've hired to take my place."

MY MARRIED SISTER in the West did her share by sending Father and Mother round-trip tickets to come on for a visit with her and the children. The trip was to start the very day after Dad's official retirement. But first, there had to be the farewell banquet.

That company banquet! Not that it wasn't a fine party. There were a couple of hundred guests—fellow-workers and friends of Dad's from miles around. The food wasn't just another meal, but his favorite roast beef, plus a birthday cake as big as a tub.

The flowers were lavish, and so were the speeches. Then there were the gifts, the usual gold watch to their "esteemed chief" from the office force, an elaborate set of fishing tackle from "just the boys," and a handsome easy chair from "the boss."

Father and Mother sat in the place of honor, looking very handsome and dear, both with silvery hair. But I noticed that she stole an anxious glance at him every now and then, and Dad—how shall I describe him? He was smiling, to be sure, but his face was nevertheless gray and drawn.

At last it was his turn to make his little prepared speech. He started it, choked, and ended by simply clasping his hands together in a sign of affection and gratitude.

On the way home we kept saying what a fine party it had been, and Dad agreed, but otherwise he was silent. Then Mother sounded a practical note by saying they must go to bed the minute they got home; otherwise they would be too tired to take the train next day.

"Mary," said Dad, and I had never heard his voice so tired, "you know I don't want to disappoint you, but I'm not sure I feel equal to that trip. Guess I'd better see the doctor, after all."

This, coming from *him*, terrified us. But just then, as Jim turned the car into our driveway, we saw several figures waiting for us on the front porch.

"Oh, dear," said Mother, "now who can that be at this hour?"

It turned out to be Ted Stone, president of our local bank; Hiram Calhoun, who heads the tomato-canning factory; and Kip Allison, prosecuting attorney. When we got into the parlor, Mr. Stone went right to the point.

"You know, Jack," was the way he put it to Father, "a lot of us at the 'joint' (he referred to the Friars, a social organization composed of the leading men of our community) got to thinking the other day we didn't like the idea of you loafing while the rest of us keep plugging. And what's more, we decided to do something about it."

I began to sense what was coming and was already saying to my-

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self, "Oh, bless them, *bless* them!" when here it came, their invitation to Dad to be manager of the Friars at an attractive salary, and do what he could to put their rather haphazard club on a solid basis. I shall never forget the thrill that those simple, kindly words created in me and in every other member of the family . . .

NOW, ALL THAT took place six years ago. Today, at 71, Dad looks younger than he did at 65. And active? Why, as Mother says, he has his fingers in every pie in town. Retiring time for him proved to be merely a new beginning.

From all we hear (ladies are not allowed at the Friars), the club is as different now from what it was six years ago as gold from clay. For instance, members had long known that their quarters needed redecorating, but no one had ever had enough spare time to oversee the job. As soon as they discovered they had a manager in fact as well as name, they voted funds and told Father to go ahead.

What he didn't know about decorating would have filled the traditional book, but there was a young decorator in town, just starting out. Dad made a deal with him, and the two went to work.

The day the job was finished, Dad was as excited as a boy. And soon we noticed that he was casting speculative glances about our home. Next thing, he was suggesting this and that to improve the house, and finally he and Mother were hard at work redecorating and refurnishing with the enthusiasm of newlyweds.

Decorating is only one interest that Dad has developed since retiring. Take, for example, his new concern with food—not the eating, but the securing. One of his self-imposed duties at the Friars was to improve the quality of meals served in the dining room. Nowadays, he is forever coming home with some tidbit—a hickory-cured ham, or a prime steak—which he picked up while seeking "the best" for the club.

Then, too, there are the new people Dad has come to know. Our town, like so many others since the war, has acquired several new industries—branches of national concerns. This brings lots of men to town on business, and their natural Mecca is the Friars Club. Meeting them has so widened Dad's horizon that he does more reading than he ever did before. He is determined, it seems, not to be caught napping on any subject.

"Golly," he said to Mother not long ago, "I always thought I had to stick to one job because it meant security. Why, if I'd only known it, there were a dozen other things I could have done equally well!"

As to Father's health, he did have a checkup, and the doctor found a few things which might have become serious. But they were easily brought under control, with Dad's cooperation. He *wanted* to get well because he felt he was *useful*.

That is a psychological factor. Then, on the physical side, there is Dad's garden. The small patch of onions, radishes, and lettuce has grown into a lavish tract. Mother is as enthusiastic about this venture as he, and spring and summer you can find the two of them at work on their "farm" till noon, when Dad has to go to the Friars.

Now, lately, politics has come to

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the fore in Father's life. Dad probably won't accept, but how could he help but feel honored when the joint political committee recently invited him to be candidate for County Treasurer?

As I write, I cannot help thinking of several other men in our town, who, although they are still in good health, are approaching involuntary retirement. I fervently hope that they, too, are going to be offered an opportunity for some sort of useful service.

In a forward-looking community like ours, I cannot suppose that Dad's experience will remain an isolated case. One thing which practically insures this is his own acute awareness of what is about to happen to these other men, all friends or acquaintances. If I know him, he is already in on a friendly and wise plot not to let it happen.

The other day my brother Jim, who still periodically suggests one of those fishing or hunting trips, exclaimed: "But, Dad, don't you realize we've only gone once in the last six years? When *do* you think you'll have time?"

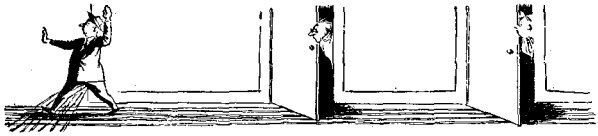
"Maybe when I'm 90," grinned Father. Then, looking at his watch, "Gosh, it's time I was getting downtown to the meeting!"

"Another meeting?" said Mother in mock despair. "What is it this time, John?"

"Committee to decide on establishing the Friars' Summer Camp for kids," said Dad, hurrying out.

Happily, we watched him walk briskly down the street, living proof that a man is not through at 65.

Patent Prescription



"YOU DON'T KNOW how thankful I am, Dr. Bartlett," quavered Mrs. Channing, "that my poor dear husband was able to call on an old school chum in this hour of need to treat him."

"You spoke of a peculiar mannerism he's suddenly acquired," interposed the doctor. "If I might observe him—at a distance."

"By all means, Doctor. He's in that room there."

The doctor and Mrs. Channing tiptoed to the door and, peeping in, saw Ralph Channing acting peculiarly indeed. His left arm extended outward and upward, he was walking not in circles, but in squares.

The doctor whispered, "I think I've diagnosed his trouble, Mrs. Channing. Have you been going in the stores to shop and leaving Ralph—unable to find a parking space, poor fellow—to drive around and around the block while you shopped? You notice his right-turn signals, and—"

"I have!" moaned the contrite woman. "Many times, I'm afraid."

"He'll be all right if you don't do it any more," said the doctor—and winked back at Ralph Channing, who had slyly winked at him.

—*Wall Street Journal*

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Two Lessons from Life

WHEN SOUND came to the movie screen and M-G-M gave me a job directing, I swore to control my Barrymore temper. So benign was I during my first picture, I got to be known as Lovable Lionel. Then came *The Rogue Song* and a supreme challenge to my reposing temper.

One member of the cast after another blew his lines, causing countless retakes. But always I controlled my rage. Then one day I reached the detonation point. I had to clutch my throat to hold back the generating pressure. Somehow I managed to force a smile and called for a break in the shooting.

I rushed to a small sound-control booth. Hardly had I closed the door behind me when the explosion occurred. Words long unused and even forgotten gushed forth in violence. I vigorously and thoroughly cursed everybody and everything. Then, greatly relieved, I returned to the director's chair and softly announced, "Places."

Following "takes" rolled off without a bobble. Later, to an assistant, I remarked with a bit of pride, "Patience always triumphs."

"Yeah," he came back, "but that broadcast you made from the control booth didn't hurt any."

—LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE BUSINESS of being funny can be a very unfunny business. And that's just the way we found it for a while one year. Our scripts, to our way of thinking, were not coming up to standard. They lacked the old sparkle. What was worse, we seemed unable to do anything about it.

We called in a top radio and movie writer whom we had known slightly for many years. He was an Amos 'n' Andy fan and a regular listener. We appealed to him as an expert to tell us what was missing.

He quickly told us that we should not try to force the comedy, but let it fall in a natural way. He added, "Stay away from corny jokes, be natural, and remember that hard work on the material is necessary—there is no short cut to this end."

We buckled down with renewed interest. Our scripts seemed to improve and we found ourselves sailing along with better shows.

Next time we saw our friend, we poured out our gratitude and asked him where he had discovered the marvelous formula.

He smiled slyly and patted us both on the shoulder.

"Back in 1931, when I was just getting started," he reminded us, "*you* told *me*."

—FREEMAN F. GOSDEN & CHARLES J. CORRELL (AMOS 'N' ANDY)

From *Life's Little Dramas*, as told to Bart Hodges. Copyright, 1948, by New York Post Syndicate, Inc., and published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 270 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

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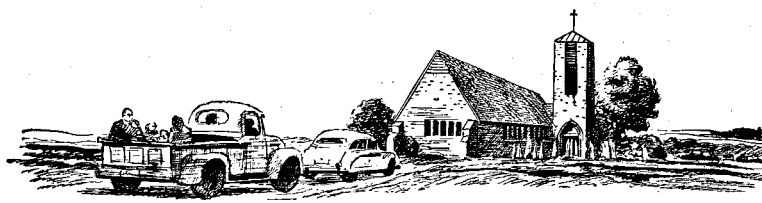
The Town Vanished But the Church Grew!



by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Livelier than ever is the parish that refused to die with a little Kansas community

GHOST TOWNS? You have heard of them, certainly: towns like Silver City, Cripple Creek, and Tombstone, in the once-prosperous gold-mining regions of the Rocky Mountains and in the deserts of Arizona and Nevada.

But did you ever hear of a ghost town on the Kansas plains? Drive southeast from Wichita for 60 miles, and you will find in the semi-range country there, buried beneath cornfields and lush pasture grass, the site of Tisdale, once a booming little community.

As late as 1925, Tisdale rated as a populated entity; then by degrees the town vanished. Good roads lured the people to bustling Winfield, Kansas, eight miles away, or to metropolitan Wichita. Local stores closed, houses fell apart; finally prairie grass moved in to take possession of ground that had once been trod by busy feet.

Yet Tisdale is not altogether a memory—thanks to the Methodist church that refused to quit when the town died. Rather, it took the death of the village as a challenge. Farmers from the vicinity and other workers had dug stone for the foundation of the little white edifice, had hauled the lumber for many miles, had built the structure with their own hands. They had a spirit that wouldn't be licked.

While other country churches in the region were silently slipping into oblivion, the Tisdale people in recent years have developed what is perhaps the strongest purely rural congregation in the state of Kansas, with a membership near the 300 mark, a beautiful new Gothic building, and a Sunday School that at-

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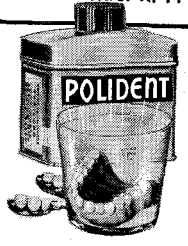

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tracts nearly 200 youngsters and adults every Sunday.

Let us look at the transition. In 1893, "hard times" gripped America. The little church could no longer pay a regular parson's salary. Often the tiny group of worshipers was reduced to one service a month, with the Sunday school struggling to survive. Finally Tisdale became a "student charge," served by preministerial students from Southwestern College, a Methodist institution at Winfield.

Between 1900 and 1940, the church had 29 pastors. Older members conducted time-honored "class meetings" when preaching services were missed. Then, 11 years ago, the hardy congregation decided it had been a "guinea pig" long enough. They were determined to have an ordained man living among them—one who could administer the sacraments, one who loved the country and its people.

Yet, without funds, what could they do? Then someone had an idea: why not engage an active, pensioned clergyman? Their Methodist leaders found such a man—and soon he was instilling new hope in the veteran parishioners who had kept the church alive.

"It takes unflinching spirit to make a church successful, the same as a football team," the minister told the congregation. "Let's set a goal and then battle toward it. The best defense is attack."

Old-timers who hadn't been in the church for years began to show up; backsliders dusted off their Bibles; teen-agers began to frequent the church for Sunday services and for week-night parties. Within a year the whole church seemed reborn. Even the collection plates began to overflow.

After four years, the elderly pastor felt his job was done and, in 1944, the second ordained pastor took over. The congregation voted to construct a new church of beauty, with facilities for religious education and community work.

Where, a few years before, the struggling worshipers had had difficulty securing $1,000 for a pastor's yearly salary, now they pitched in and succeeded in raising $28,000, nearly all of which went for building material—80 per cent of the labor was donated. When the edifice was completed in 1949, it was dedicated free of debt.

This congregation now has a beautiful sanctuary which seats 300 people. Windows are of leaded glass; entrance is through an impressive Gothic tower; the exterior is of glistening white limestone. Church architects come from far to study it, and often to copy it.

In November, 1949, the Rev. Gilbert S. Peters of Newkirk, Oklahoma, became the fully installed minister of the "ghost town" church. And with him he brought his wife and family to Tisdale. The congregation decided they needed a parsonage, so they promptly erected a $20,000 modern home for the minister and his family.

Not long ago, I visited Tisdale parish one pleasant Sunday. Whole families had come by truck and auto, and they came not only for Sunday school but also for church. When the worship hour arrived, everybody headed for the sanctuary. Teen-agers and young college people largely comprised the choir, and the service was impressive and in-

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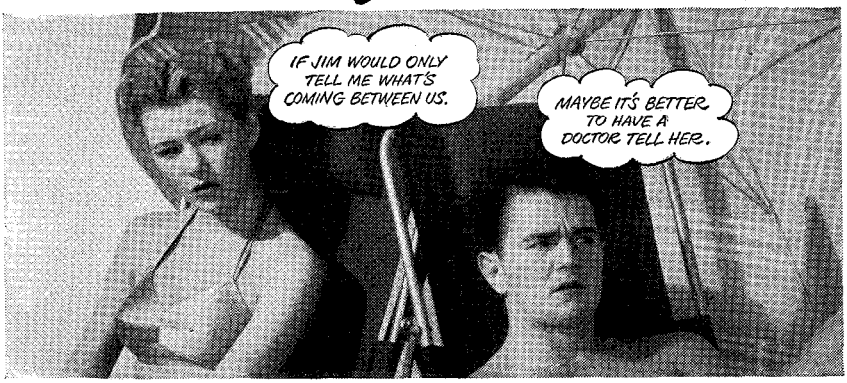
Can a husband ever tell a *Sensitive wife this truth?*



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spiring. Some families had come as far as 20 miles to attend the services. Several had driven through Winfield, passing up a number of beautiful town churches en route to the prairie house of worship.

"We find a heartening friendship out here," a young couple told me, "and a genuine, unaffected devotion that warms our hearts."

Sunday morning, I discovered, isn't the only time given over to worship. Farm work is heavy for these Tisdale members, the same as for other country folk, and evening chores must be done. Yet that Sunday night, as they do every Sunday night, about 100 gathered for evening worship. Included in the congregation were about 50 teen-agers of the Youth Fellowship group, who after their own meeting stayed for church services.

One signal achievement of the Tisdale church is the way it holds the interest of its young people. Have a party? The recreational hall is the place. Are there two events on a given night, one at the church and one in town? The church nearly always wins.

One of the parish's proudest possessions is its unique "service flag," bearing 11 stars—each signifying a boy or girl of the congregation who has gone into full-time church service, either as a minister, missionary, deaconess, or religious-education director.

While in Tisdale, I met a group of old-timers who had been in the church or community for as many as 66 years. I asked them what they thought of the remarkable development of their parish.

"The past is fine, but the future is going to be even better," they told me, "and we'd like to stick around and see what happens. We have a hunch that we may have to build again sometime, to take care of the crowds that will want to find God in the simplicity and naturalness of the countryside."

A Sense of Values

DURING THE FILMING of *The Black Rose* in French Morocco, Director Henry Hathaway asked the Caid Si Brahim of Marrakech for permission to film a scene for the movie in the courtyard of one of his beautiful palaces.

"Certainly," the caid graciously consented.

When Director Hathaway explained it would be necessary to cut down one of the fine old trees in order to get cameras, lights, and other necessary movie equipment into the courtyard, the caid shook his sage old head and said: "No, let's cut down the wall instead."

"But that will take so much time and so many men," Director Hathaway protested.

"Yes," the caid agreed, "but we have plenty of time and plenty of men to replace the wall; we can never replace the tree."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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NATURE'S STRANGEST HOAX

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

On land and at sea, the mirage has played its weird pranks, sometimes disastrously

IT WAS NOW five hours since the submarine had left its base on a routine daytime patrol. The Pacific sun beat down fiercely. As the vessel moved leisurely through the water, crewmen stripped to the waist and relaxed on its narrow deck.

Intelligence had reported no important Jap ships any closer than Formosa Strait, several hundred miles north. Orders for this day in 1944 were to cover outlying waters where an occasional Nipponese supply tender might be stationed. Thus far radar had picked up nothing; the sub had cruised on the surface all day. Suddenly a sailor pointed. "Look there! It looks like the whole Jap fleet!"

Another sailor rushed to the conning tower hatch and yelled, "Lieutenant, target ahead!" When the officer clambered onto deck, he stared in surprise. About 15 miles distant, a convoy was steaming across the horizon! Quickly he ordered all hands below.

"There's nothing on the radar screen," a technician reported.

"There must be," the lieutenant retorted. "I saw the ships myself!" Within minutes the sub was under water, moving toward its target, and the navigator carefully plotted an attack course.

"We're not getting any closer," the lieutenant grumbled after half an hour. "You're sure we're on course?" The navigator nodded.

For two hours the sub chased its elusive target. Finally, in desperation, it surfaced. The convoy was gone! It had vanished into thin air!

Back at base that evening, the lieutenant asked intelligence officers about the phantom convoy. One officer consulted some papers.

"There *was* a convoy today," he

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admitted, "but you couldn't have seen it. It was our convoy—but it was 100 miles from your sector!"

Then the lieutenant learned that he had been a victim of nature's most puzzling hoax—the mirage. He had seen not the ships themselves, but an image of the 100-mile-distant convoy, refracted through air layers and made to appear on the submarine's horizon.

The embarrassed lieutenant was only one of thousands of mirage victims. For centuries, realistic optical illusions—not hallucinations—have hoodwinked men on land and sea, and sometimes their freakish pranks result in tragedy.

One day in 1924, Maj. Frederick L. Martin took off from an Alaskan airfield on a projected round-the-world flight. Soon after he had gained altitude, he discovered he had maneuvered into an area of sharp peaks. When he tried to escape the mountains on his left, he faced a treacherous crag head-on. Again he swerved quickly. But the wall was still there. Suddenly there was a crash. And the plane plummeted to the ground.

Fortunately, Martin survived. But the story he told sent shivers up the spines of veteran airmen. Actually, he said, the rocks were not there at all. A mirage had "moved" them thousands of feet to the right.

Another airman plagued by mirages was Charles A. Lindbergh. On his famous nonstop flight to Paris, he was surprised to see Irish mountains and valleys unfolding beneath him, hours before he could possibly have sighted shore. Only by holding to his course did he thwart the potentially deadly results of the optical illusion.

More often, however, mirages cause no more discomfort than red faces. One particular Arctic mirage baffled two distinguished scientific expeditions for almost a century, and cost the American Museum of Natural History some $300,000.

A British party headed by Sir John Ross in 1818 first reported a new mountain range north of Baffin Land. But they couldn't penetrate the icy wastes to explore it. Later, in 1906, Admiral Robert Peary sighted a similar range, and named it "Crocker Land."

Seven years later, the Museum of Natural History outfitted a costly expedition headed by Commdr. Donald B. MacMillan to map "Crocker Land." MacMillan soon discovered how elusive Peary's "white summits of a distant land" really were. Charts were useless, the expedition was plagued by bad weather, and his ship eventually became locked in the floes. But MacMillan took off on foot with a crew of surveyors. The farther they walked, the farther the mountains retreated. Days later, the team admitted defeat. Observation had proved conclusively that no such place as "Crocker Land" existed.

THE FIRST MAN to explain mirages scientifically was Napoleon's mathematician, Gaspard Monge. While in Egypt with the French conqueror, Monge became intrigued with the lakes-in-the-desert phenomenon. He called it *mirage*, after the French *mirer*, "to gaze."

Layers of air of varying density, Monge discovered, cause light waves to bend and refract upward. Ordinarily, light waves start on a straight course, then bend down-

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ward slightly. But hot-air layers near the ground, surmounted by cooler layers, "bounce" light waves upward. Thus, the image of an object miles away would be carried on an upward curve until it came within view of one who could not otherwise see it. Occasionally, this phenomenon makes things hang in mid-air, sometimes in an inverted position. Visitors to New York are occasionally amazed to see the city, from the lower harbor, as if it were "standing on its own head."

But undoubtedly the most fantastic case of nature's practical joke originated in Paris, where a duplicate inverted Eiffel Tower was seen, balanced on its pointed pinnacle atop the original!

Virtually everyone has witnessed at least one form of mirage illusion. Science calls this the "inferior mirage." Every tourist has seen motor cars moving along a shimmery hot highway as if plowing through water. This happens when the motorist is some distance from the object and on a spot close to the level of the heated surface.

Such an illusion even mocked Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer. He was traveling across the Gobi Desert in Mongolia one hot day when he noted, in the distance, a lake with a small wooded island. Birds moved lazily in the water. As he started down a slope, the island was replaced by a herd of antelope. Only their heads had shown above a hot air layer, making their horns appear as birds on the lake. The "water" was refracted light from the sky.

Perhaps the most famous of all mirages is the legendary *Fata Morgana*. This illusion, apparently a harbor city complete with glistening palaces and inhabitants, has been seen since the 16th century in the Straits of Messina, between Sicily and the Italian mainland. A romantic tale holds that this city is the kingdom of King Arthur's sister, Morgan Le Fay. And since she was a fairy, her city reappears periodically above the water's surface so she can lure unsuspecting seamen to her dungeons.

Today, when the white-walled city of Fata Morgana arises above Messina mists, superstitious Sicilians cross themselves and murmur a prayer. It may be only a mirage, they say, but there is no use taking chances where sorcery is involved.

"As They Were" (Answers to quiz on pages 8 and 9)

1. Douglas MacArthur; 2. Averell Harriman; 3. Dean Acheson; 4. Dwight Eisenhower; 5. Thomas E. Dewey; 6. Harry Truman; 7. Robert A. Taft.

PHOTO CREDITS: 6, Warner Brothers, 20th Century-Fox, and United Artists; 8-9, Acme, International News Photos, and European; 10, Philip Gendreau, Detroit *Times*, Idaho State Chambers of Commerce and G. A. Douglas from Gendreau; 12-13, Herma Mertens from Pix, Inc.; 16-17, United Artists, 20th Century-Fox, Warner Bros., Columbia Pict., and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; 69-84, Martha Holmes; 109, 111 (left, top and bottom), 112, 113 (top, left and right), 114 (top-left and bottom-right), International News Photos; 110, Culver Service; 111 (right, top and bottom) and 113 (bottom-right), Wide World; 113 (bottom-left), Griff Davis from Black Star; 114 (top-right), Keystone; 114 (bottom-left), European; 115, Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette; 116-117, Ernest Haas from Magnum; 118-124, Tyler Redd from Black Star.

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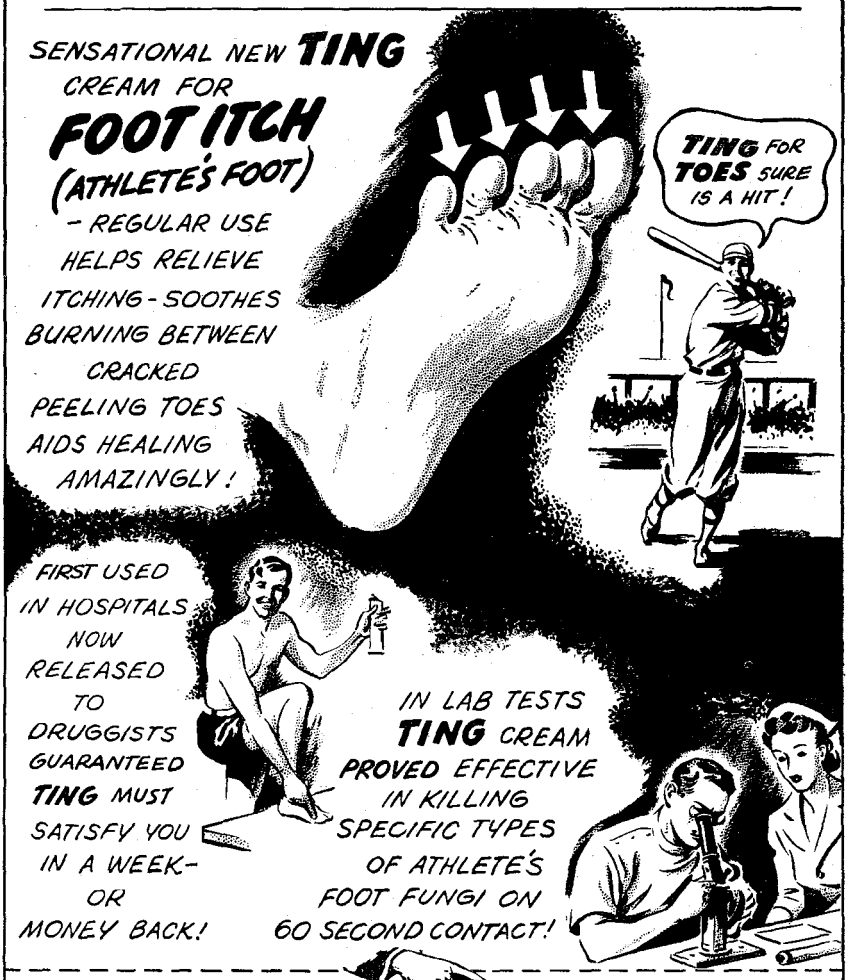

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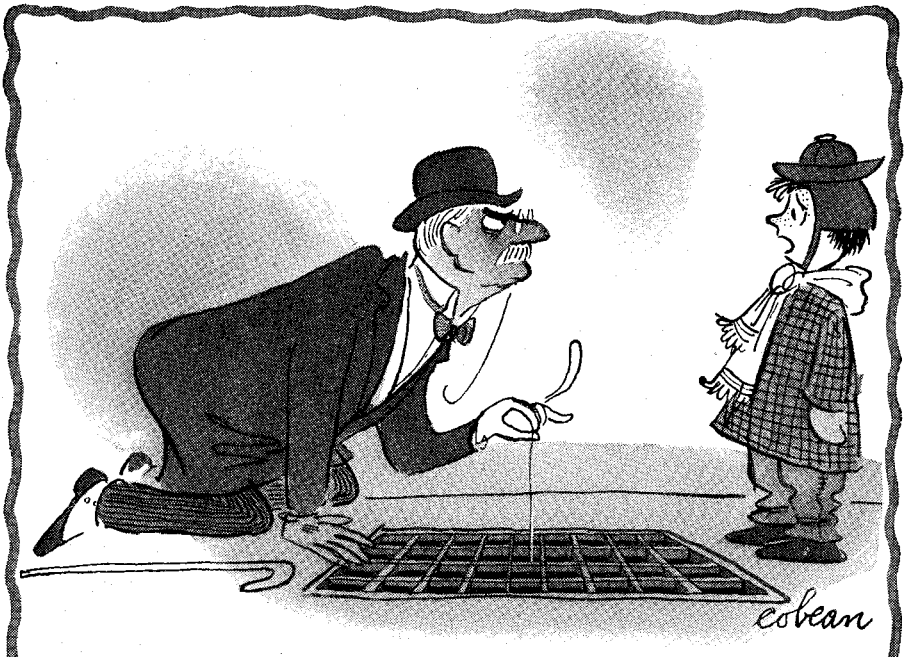

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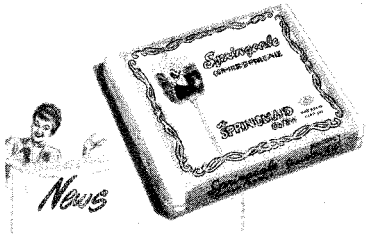
Then I woke up and was so happy because I realized I could still buy *SPRINGCALE* sheets when the sale began.



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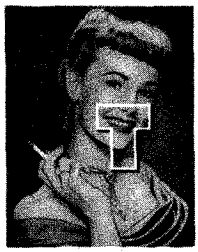

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